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BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOOMED ONE.

ASSAD was thrown into one of the strongest dungeons of the Khandak prison, and there he remained three days ere he saw a human being, his victuals being given to him through a small hole in the wall, and always brought when it was dark. The place was long and narrow, being not over four feet wide, and perhaps five times as long. The only light which came to the cell was through a small grated aperture at the top, and this let in only enough to enable the youth to see the walls of his prison, and at times to gain a faint view of the loved picture which he still possessed. Assad had not yet suffered much from confinement, for the prison was a new one, and the dungeon was clean and quite well ventilated, though in all probability those who constructed the place had never thought of this thing. But the aperture through which the food was handed in, was near the floor, and admitted fresh air from the long corridor without, while the hole in the top, which was only made for light, served admirably for conducting off the impure air. The prisoner felt much anxiety concerning his own fate, but far more concerning the fate of his beloved. Not that he feared any one would harm her by physical punishment, but he feared she had once more fallen into the hands of the Syndic of the merchants, and that she would be forced to marry with his son Hassan.

On the morning of the fourth day of Assad's confinement, the door of the dungeon was opened, and a black slave entered, whom the youth at once recognized as Mesrour, the chief of the caliph's eunuchs and executioner. He was a stout, fleshy man, significant of good living, and a fair share of humanity in his composition.

"You are named Assad?" said the eunuch, as he stood before the prisoner and surveyed him narrowly.

"Such is my name, O, servant of my most holy and beloved prince."

"I have come to inform you that on the morrow you die," said Mesrour, speaking very calmly and carefully.

"Is it determined that I must suffer death for what I have done?" asked the youth, tremulously.

"What else could you expect?"

"But I was most hotly provoked."

"Ah, young man," returned the executioner, shaking his head dubiously, "could such an excuse suffice you, then not an officer in all Bagdad would be safe. If the Commander of the Faithful were to excuse you on the grounds you can offer, then his rule would be as nought, and murder become a pastime. Our master knows your affair, and he bid me recite it to you to find if you would deny any of it. Thus hath it been represented to him: The mamlouk Danish, with ten others, was sent out by the caliph to search for you—or, mayhap, sent by a cadi—but you know Haroun the just must own his cadi's doings as his own. Danish found you, and with you were two female slaves who had run away from our master's Syndic. Also with you was found a horse belonging to the black slave, Marouf. So Danish took you whom he found, and left five of his mamlouks to bring Marouf. Marouf slew the five mamlouks, and then was wounded while attempting to gain an opportunity to liberate you. In the meantime, you did the deed that has cost you your life. Danish was informed that the damsel Morgiana had put bhang into the beverage which the officers were to drink for supper. He went to the pot and found it so, and thereupon he struck the offender a simple blow upon the face, when he would have been justified in chopping off her head. And no sooner had he done this simple thing than you drew your sword and laid Danish dead at your feet. Now look and see if I have spoken truly?"

"It is all true—every word. I can deny none of it," returned Assad, sadly.

"Now what would be the state of affairs in our city of peace if others could do with impunity as you have done? No cadi would dare to give judgment—no executioner would dare to do his duty—no mamlouk would dare to arrest an offender—and even the Prince of the Faithful himself would fear to pass judgment upon offenders, for fear some offended friend might feel it his duty to strike the vicegerent dead."

"But yet my case was peculiar," urged Assad. "Suppose the Lady Zobeide were to be struck upon the face with sufficient force to prostrate her—what think you the caliph would do, if he stood by and saw it?"

"By Allah! the wretch would die such a death as never mortal man died yet," hotly answered Mesrour, for he loved the gentle Lady Zobeide, and was her chief servant in all matters of importance.

"And yet," pursued Assad, "the caliph loves Zobeide no better than I love the gentle damsel whom I saw thus brutally struck down. I know Morgiana did what was legally wrong, and yet you cannot say there was much wrong in it, for she meant only a simple plan of escape from her captors. The bhang would only have stupefied them for awhile had they drank of it, and then they would have awakened as well as ever, and only found themselves minus a little wit. But even had the mamlouk bound the damsel I would not have said a word—I could have borne that, for 'twould have been right; but to see her brutally struck down as though she had been a dog, I could not remain calm. Will you not tell the caliph this?"

"'Twould be of no use," returned the eunuch, shaking his head. "The caliph cannot judge of the feelings which prompt these acts; he can only judge of the acts themselves when such a deed transpires. No, no—'twould be of no use, though I will tell him all you say. But now listen to my business: Because you are to die on the morrow, I have come this morning to inform you that you may see any man you wish, so if you have any affairs to arrange he may do it for you. This is a favor I always grant to the true believers. Name any one man whom you would see, and he shall be sent to you if we can find him. But remember: only one."

Assad was but a few moments in making up his mind as to the friend he would send for.

"Near the great bazaar of the merchants of Balsora," he said, "is the shop of an old lamp mender, named Mokanna. I would see him. If he cannot be found in his shop, let him be sent for throughout the city. Let the cadi of each quarter send forth a crier, for the old man may have moved."

"Think you he would do better than your old master, the Syndic?" asked Mesrour, candidly.

For a moment Assad was puzzled, but his wits came to him quickly, and he promptly replied:

"Elkader is quick of temper, and unforgiving when loss falls upon him. Then how will he act for me who am thus to be made the instrument of his loss? He will come to me rather with enmity and hatred in his bosom, and I do not wish for that in my last moments."

"You are right, my son; and I will at once order the man of whom you speak to be sent in to you."

"One word more," cried our hero, as Mesrour was about departing. "What of Marouf?"

"He dies."

"When?"

"With you."

"Here?"

"No. In the place of execution."

"Upon the river?"

"Yes."

"And am I to be executed thus? as a common felon?"

"It must be so."

"Allah have mercy!" groaned the poor youth, bowing his head and bursting into tears.

When the prisoner looked up again he was alone. He started to walk across the dungeon, and for awhile he felt like cursing the power that had doomed him to death; but when he came to reflect, he remembered that society must be governed by a set of sure laws, and he knew that one of those laws he had broken. He had slain an officer of the caliph, while that officer was simply in discharge of his duty. The mamlouk was rough and unkind to the damsel, but then he had caught her in an act which startled him. In short, the youth was forced to acknowledge that before men his sentence would be looked upon as just. Yet he feared not to enter the presence of his Maker, for though this one deed had darkened his hand, yet he felt that his soul was free from guile.

The day passed slowly on, and towards its close the door of the cell was again opened, and this time Mokanna entered. He was no longer habited as a lamp-mender, but had on the rich garb of an astrologer, quaintly worked with mystic devices. His face wore an expression of deep trouble and anxiety, and his hand trembled as he embraced the prisoner.

"Alas, my son," he said, "I knew not of this until to-day. I had got all prepared to follow you to the mountain Laban, when I heard the crier in the quarter of Khadijah summoning me to visit you in prison. Only this morning I returned from Balsora. What is all this? and how has it happened?"

Assad went on and related the whole story from beginning to end, and when he had finished, the old man said:

"My son, I blame you not for anything you have done, only you should have known better than to— But I wont find fault now."

"Speak on, father. Speak to me what you had begun."

"Well, I was only going to remark that you should not have kept on when your horses had once hesitated, and you knew not where you were going. But God may have had a special wisdom in this, and we will not reflect upon it now. In your striking off the head of the mamlouk, you betrayed only the hot blood of youth, and even though that one deed may have scattered all my hopes to the four winds of heaven, yet I will not blame you."

The youth gazed inquiringly upon his visitor, but made no reply.

"You wonder to see me in this strange dress," resumed Mokanna. "But mark you, this is but one of many I sometimes wear. But let that part of the business pass, for if you escape this pitfall, we shall find plenty of time hereafter to speak of this, and if you do not escape, then you will not need to know."

"But is there no hope?" asked Assad, eagerly.

"I cannot tell," answered Mokanna, trying to conceal some of the pain he experienced. "O, I wish I had known of this when it first happened, for then I might have—have—helped you."

"You mean, *saved* me?" cried the youth, catching the old man by the arm.

"Yes, yes, Assad—I could have saved you."

"Then why not save me now? O, why not now? God help you! God help you! Save me now!"

"'Tis too late, I fear!" And as the old man thus spoke, he bowed his head and burst into tears. He had struggled with his emotions, but he could keep them back no longer.

Assad approached him and sank down upon his knees.

"Who are you? O, if I am to die, at least let me know who it is that thus weeps for me. I know you have meant well for me—that you planned for me a paradise on earth—and but for my own mishaps I might now have been happy, at least. Tell me, who are you?"

"It can affect you nothing to know. I am the old lamp-mender, Mokanna; and I am the astrologer, El Zebak; and some men call me Ben Hamed el Koord. But what matters it to you?"

"Nothing, if you will not tell me," answered Assad, sadly. "I had only hoped to know who—"

"Speak on, my son."

"No, no, I will not urge you further on this point. Only—pardon me the thought—I wondered if in this wide world I owned a kindred bond?"

"You are wrong, Assad. No blood of mine runs in your veins, even of the generations of our people. I know not that you have a relative living."

"So I have felt, my father. And now let it pass. None will mourn me save one."

"Ah, Assad, many shall mourn thee, even here in Bagdad—many whom thou hast befriended."

"Perhaps they will. But I spoke of one in particular. Can you tell me aught of her?"

"Ay, my child—I can. She is with Ali Shir; and on her account you need not fear, for I can take her from there at any moment. She has not yet become Hassan's wife, nor will she, though he is full sure of possessing her."

Assad thanked God for the safety of his beloved, and then there followed a silence of some minutes. Both seemed too oppressed to speak, and both seemed to have thoughts they wished not to speak. But the old man broke the silence.

"My child, I must not remain here, for if I am to help you, I must be at work. O, would to God I had known this even this morning, for here in Bagdad I have no friends in power. But let us not lose all hope. I *have* some ground for hope yet. But see—the night is already coming, and I have only the night in which to work, for if you die it will be on the hour before the caliph gives audience—at early morning."

"So early?" groaned Assad.

"Yes. But that matters not, so long as it be ere the noon of another day."

Mokanna arose from the rough couch upon which he had been sitting and turned towards the prisoner. Big tears were upon his cheeks, and his lips trembled with deep emotion. He opened his arms, and Assad sank upon his heaving bosom. The old man kissed that fair, white brow, and then put the youth gently back upon the pallet.

"I will be with thee in the morning—to save thee if I can—to—to—pray for thee if thou diest! Farewell. God sees you—hears you—is with you. Forget him not!"

In a moment more the old man was gone, and the prisoner was once more alone with only the Eternal One to see and hear. His eyes rested a moment upon the spot where last he had seen Mokanna stand, and then he fell fainting upon the cold, hard pavement!

CHAPTER XIV.

A DEEP PLOT.

ALI SHIR was easily persuaded by his son to give his consent to the marriage with Morgiana, notwithstanding the resolution he had formed since the damsel had run away. The merchant loved his son, for it was his only child, and moreover, he had some pride to see that son have a beautiful wife. Twice had Hassan seen Morgiana since the night of her return, and though the maiden could not appear very happy in his company, yet he did not think how much she disliked him. His own self love blinded him.

It was on the very morning that Mesrour visited Assad in the prison, and Morgiana and Elsena sat alone in the apartment where we have seen them once before. The attendant had thus far contrived to hide the most bitter feelings that had rankled in her bosom, though she could not disguise the simple fact that she hated the girl whom she had been appointed to serve. But of this Morgiana took but little note. The love of Hassan occupied all her bitter thoughts, so she had none left for her maid. While she had the prospect of marriage with the young merchant before her, she could give room to no other cause of anguish; so the bitterness of Elsena passed her without other effect than the simple pain of feeling that one whom she never wronged should thus turn coldly from her in the hour when she needed all sympathy. She never dreamed that Elsena held a revengeful feeling towards her.

Thus were the girls sitting, when Hassan entered the apartment. He bade Elsena retire, and she walked off as before, and in the outer chamber she removed her shoes, and then returned noiselessly to the closet, and placed her eye to the rent in the seam of the curtain.

"Beloved of my soul," he said, as soon as he supposed that the attendant was out of the way, "how much longer must I remain thus alone and miserable? By Allah, it must not be. You have had time enough, and surely you are now rested from your fatigue. You show no signs of it now."

Morgiana was troubled, for she knew not what excuse she could offer now.

"Beloved," pursued Hassan, "I have set to-morrow for our nuptials, and the guests have been invited. Your eyes shall be struck with wonder when they rest upon the magnificence I have created for your future home, and your heart shall be made glad when you see the comfort I have provided for you in the home to which you are to repair as queen. Say, light of my soul, does not this please you?"

"I am but your slave," the fair girl replied, "and must do as you say."

"No, no, beloved," Hassan cried, clasping the beautiful damsel to his bosom. "You are my queen, my mistress—and your word shall be obeyed."

"Then let me—"

"Stop," interrupted the youth, seeming to understand what the maiden would say, "you are not my queen until you become my wife; so until then you must obey me. To morrow must be our wedding day. I am resolved upon that. I know it will not be displeasing to you."

Morgiana pondered for some moments, but she dared not reply in the negative, for she knew full well that with all his love, Hassan could be all revenge in an instant should she provoke him to it. She had asked herself the question a hundred times if there was any possible way of escape, and she had been forced to acknowledge that there was not. So, with a sinking, fainting heart, she said:

"I hear and obey. Command me as you please, for I am your slave."

"Ay," cried Hassan, in raptures, "'tis your love has made you so. O, would that this day had not been, for then the morrow would have had its place, and we should not have been so long separated. But the time will soon come. To-day, and to-night, you must rest alone with only Elsena to bear you company, but beyond that comes the light of our life's bright day."

For a long while Hassan remained and poured out his love in verses, and in explanatory sayings, and finally he arose to depart. He stood and gazed into the beautiful features before him, and then clasping his hands he exclaimed:

"O, the sun in the clear morning is not so beautiful as my beloved.

"She would shame the full moon, and cause the evening star to hide its face.

"As the opening flower smiles beneath the warm sunbeams, and as it gaineth strength in the gently falling dew—

"So warms my heart beneath thy genial smile, and my soul gaineth new life in the dew of thy love."

Morgiana bowed her head, for these verses could not please her. Yet Hassan thought when he saw her movement, that she was deeply moved in love for him.

"Let thy heart rest until the morrow," he said, "and then we shall separate no more. The bridesmaids will call thee early."

Thus speaking the young merchant left the apartment, and shortly afterwards Elsena returned. She wore a dark, revengeful look, but Morgiana noticed it not. The fair girl arose and went into her sleeping-room, and Elsena watched her departing form with a fiendish expression. She was upon the point of following her mistress when some one called to her in a whisper from the opposite way. She turned and beheld her mother. This latter woman was also one of Ali Shir's slaves, and she was the same one who had let the slave of the merchant of Mosul, Califa, into the house on that evening when he came for Morgiana, but found her not. Eljelis, for such was the name of Elsena's mother—loved Morgiana no better than her daughter did, for she had long hoped that her own child might be the young merchant's wife, and hence she had been ready to prepare the way of Califa when he came to seek the maiden.

The old woman beckoned to her daughter to follow her, and she did so. Eljelis led the way to her own apartment, which was in an extreme part of the building, and having closed the door she turned to Elsena.

"What is there now, my child, between Hassan and Morgiana? for I saw him enter her apartment two hours since, and he has but just left. What is it?"

"The time is set for the ceremony," replied Elsena, angrily.

"When?"

"To morrow."

"By Allah—it shall not be, my child!"

"So have I determined it shall not be," repeated the daughter, with a flashing eye and compressed lips. "Hassan has once said I should be his wife, and now he shall not take another."

"But what do you propose to do?" asked Eljelis, eyeing her daughter sharply.

"Let her find a husband in heaven!"

"—sh! There is no need of that, my child. The merchant of Mosul is here again, and he will take the damsel away. I have seen him, and he wants her this very night."

Elsena started up, and her face grew bright.

"And furthermore," continued the old woman, "don't you see that this will be much better for you? Should Morgiana die, the love of Hassan for her might increase, and he would never cease to mourn for her; but if he is made to think that she has again fled from him, then he may feel only hatred for her, and soon forget her, save when wrath calls her up. After this, if you are careful, you may gain his heart."

Elsena saw it all, and she embraced her mother with gratitude.

"By Allah, O, my mother," she said, "you are my angel yet. But are you sure the merchant Califa will be here?"

"Yes. He will be here this very night."

"And what does he want of the damsel?"

"I know not, my child. There is something very mysterious about this matter, and though I would give much to know what it is, yet I will not allow my curiosity to overcome my prudence. Califa has sworn upon the Koran that the girl shall never come back again, and I feel sure, from what I could understand, that she has got to die ere she has seen many more days of life, after Califa reaches his journey's end.

"This is fortunate—most fortunate, my mother. And now how shall we work? O, Hassan shall not marry her—she shall not take away my love—and all done without having her blood upon our hands. But when will the merchant come?"

"He will be here precisely at midnight. And he must take Gulnare, too, for I fear that she is versed somewhat in our secret. I know she has watched both you and me. So she must not only be out of the way, but if she goes it will have much more the appearance of her having fled with her mistress again. If you will attend to Morgiana, I will see to Gulnare."

As the old woman thus spoke, she arose and went to a private closet, from whence she took a little phial of earthen ware and a bottle. When she came out to the light she poured from the bottle a small quantity of brownish colored fluid into the phial, and then handed the latter vessel to her daughter.

"There," she said, "take that and put it into the drink which your mistress will take last before she goes to bed. That will cause her to sleep so soundly that she cannot be awakened for several hours. I might use the powder of bhang, but I fear she would detect it, for she knows well its pugnent taste, having used it so often as a medicine in her doctoring of the slaves. But this liquid you can easily dispose of. Only remember—all may depend upon the giving of it, for should you miss the opportunity, or put it in something which she will not drink, she cannot be taken away to night—and then to-morrow she may be the wife of Hassan."

"Fear not," returned Elsena, as she hid the phial away in her bosom. "I will make sure of this. Come to our apartment any time after the third hour of the evening, and you shall find Morgiana under all the influence the contents of this phial can impart."

"Good, my daughter—I think you will be wary and sure. By Allah, Hassan shall yet be my son-in-law; and, when he is, you and I will live for what life is worth. O, we will take ample pay then for these long years of servitude we have passed."

Elsena may have not been quite so well pleased with the thought of having her mother to help her keep house, after she should marry with Hassan, as the old lady was pleased with the thought of doing so, for she knew her parent's temper too well to think of having perfect peace where she had a hand in the rule. However, she let this influence her but little now.

"I must return," the girl said, at the same time rising from the mastabah upon which she had been sitting, "or my young mistress may suspect something, for she must know that I like her not."

"So be it," returned the old woman. "But remember all I have told thee. If I do not see thee again, do you be in the apartment of your mistress at midnight, and also an hour before that time, for the merchant may be here early."

Elsena promised, and then the mother and daughter separated.

In the meantime Hassan and his father had been a second time busy, and invitations were given to all their friends to be present at the wedding feast. New wine was procured, and all the bakers in that quarter of the city were busy in preparing sweetmeats and rich cakes for the occasion.

Away in her chamber sat Morgiana, and she knew what was going on for the feast. She did not, however, know of that other scheme which also had reference to her.

CHAPTER XV.

CONSTERNATION.

During the remainder of the day, Elsena saw but little of her mistress. She stopped within hearing distance, but Morgiana seemed inclined to remain alone, for she did not call upon her attendant once during the day. Towards evening, however, she rang the little bell which stood near her, and Elsena answered to the summons. The attendant started when she saw how pale her young mistress looked, and when she heard her voice she started again, for it was so deep and death-like, it seemed not a voice of earth.

"Elsena," spoke the damsel, "I wish you to do a favor for me. You know Abdalla, the seller of drugs?"

"Yes," returned the girl, regarding her mistress narrowly.

"Go to him and get for me four drachms of wakfah. Speak not of this to any one; but I am not well, and I would use it."

"You do not look well, my mistress," said Elsena, with more of sympathy than she had ever before used to the maiden. "But will you not trust me to prescribe for you?"

"No. Your prescription could not cure the disease I suffer. Listen, Elsena: I know you love Hassan, and if I were out of the way he might make you his wife. Would you not like to be his wife?"

The girl started and turned pale. For the instant it appeared to her that Morgiana knew all her thoughts, but she soon recovered herself, and then replied:

"I will not conceal from you my love of Hassan, my mistress, but I surely would not wish you out of the way."

"I understand," resumed Morgiana, with a light, faint smile; "but I shall not live long. I cannot be Hassan's wife!" she added, seeming to forget to whom she spoke, and only pouring out her soul's deepest feelings. "You will not betray me. I have pondered long upon this, and my mind is made up. I cannot live after my soul's love is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Elsena, in surprise.

"Ay—did you not hear the crier when he made proclamation this afternoon? Assad dies to-morrow morning. Go, Elsena, and get me the wakfah, and I will meet my love in heaven, while I leave yours for you here on earth. O, you will not betray me?"

"No," returned Elsena. "I will not. I will go at once."

Morgiana handed the slave-girl a piece of gold, and then the latter hastened away; but instead of going directly out she repaired to her mother's chamber and told her all that had happened.

"Go and purchase bhang, and bring it here to me," said the old woman, when her daughter had finished speaking. "I can fix it with myrrh and spice so that she cannot tell it from wakfah Go quickly, and then return."

Elsena hastened away, and instead of purchasing what her mistress had directed, she purchased bhang, and then carried it to her mother. The old woman took it, and having put in a little powdered gum of myrrh, a little aloes, and some high spice, she mixed it all thoroughly up, and then put it back into the box which the drug-seller had labelled, "*wakfah*" at Elsena's particular request.

"Now," said Eljelis, "carry this in to her, but be sure that you watch her narrowly, and if she does not take of this before the third hour from this time, give her what is in the phial. Do not trust to her taking this, for she may not mean to die until morning, and she knows that the poison for which she has sent requires only a few moments for its operation."

So Elsena returned to her mistress and delivered the box. Morgiana saw the label in Abdalla's own hand, and she thought all was right. She put it in her bosom, and then told her attendant she would have some food. Elsena procured the food, and then placed herself where she could watch the damsel's motions. An hour passed, and night had fairly come. The two hours more passed, and yet Morgiana had not opened the little box. In a few moments afterwards she called Elsena to her side.

"Bring me some water to drink," she said, "and infuse it with sweet cinnamon, and after that I will retire for awhile."

Elsena hastened away and procured the water in a golden goblet, and having sweetened it with the syrup of cinnamon, she poured in the contents of her phial. This she carried to the damsel, and she drank it at once. The attendant then set the goblet away, and ere long afterwards Morgiana allowed her head to recline upon the arm of the couch, and in a few moments she was buried in a deep, profound slumber. Elsena hastened away to her mother, and there she found Gulnare also asleep.

"Fear not," said Eljelis, with a meaning smile. "Your step will not awaken her. But how is the mistress?"

"She sleeps soundly."

"Well. Now all we have to do is, to keep a strict watch, and wait for the merchant. He will be here anon. Return to your apartment, so that if any one of the household should call for Morgiana you can tell them she sleeps—that she was weary, and needed repose."

"And mark ye," said the daughter, "I think we have saved the poor thing's life."

"Verily we have, my child. She would surely have killed herself, had it not been for us."

And with this pious reflection the mother and child separated.

Two hours later, and a dark figure moved up from the street, and entered the court of Ali Shir's dwelling, and in a moment more it was followed by a second. Both of these objects met at the door of the house, and after waiting some few moments the door was opened, and they entered with a noiseless tread. As soon as the light which Eljelis carried shone in their faces it revealed the features of Califa, and his black slave Ozmud. Gulnare had been brought down to Morgiana's apartments, and thither the old woman led the way.

Califa stood by the couch upon which Morgiana rested, and a look of fiendish triumph rested upon his face as he gazed upon the sleeping beauty.

"By Allah!" he muttered to himself, "were ever two things more alike!"

"What?" said the old woman, "d'ye call those two alike?" pointing to Gulnare, and then to her mistress.

"No, no. Here is what I mean," answered Califa; and as he spoke he drew a square case from his pocket and opened it.

Both Eljelis and Elsena held up their hands in astonishment, for they beheld within the case, which was of tanned leather, the exact picture of Morgiana.

"What does it mean?" asked the old woman. "Whence came that?"

"Ho—I found it," answered the merchant, evasively. "But let us waste no time here. Here is the purse—it is filled with gold, and it is yours. Go you on ahead and open the doors."

The old woman took the purse, and having weighed it in her hand, and looked in just sufficiently to see the color of the money, she placed it in her bosom, and then prepared to lead the way. Gulnare was light, and Califa took her up in his arms, while Ozmud, who was stouter than his master, took Morgiana. Then with slow and careful steps they made their way down into the court—through the garden—to the edge of the river, where a boat was in readiness. The sleeping maidens were placed upon a soft couch near the stern, which had been prepared on purpose, and in a few moments more they were sailing away all unconscious of the night-voyage they were so mysteriously taking.

In the meantime, Elsena and her mother had remained talking together and dividing the gold, and when two hours had elapsed, Eljelis prepared two opiates of bhang, one of which she gave to her daughter, and reserving the other for herself.

"You will take this," she said, "and then we shall be found in the morning insensible, and our master will be assured that Morgiana hath done it all."

It was done as the old woman said, and ere long both mother and daughter were locked in the embrace of sleep.

In the morning, at a fair hour, Hassan repaired to Morgiana's apartment, and in going thither he had to pass through the room where the attendant slept, and he was not a little surprised to find Elsena still asleep. But he did not disturb her. He kept on until he reached the apartment where his beloved usually sat, but she was not there. He stood a few moments in doubt, for he liked not to enter her bed-room; but after awhile he thought he would merely look in, and he did so. Morgiana's bed was not only unoccupied, but it had not been touched during the night. He entered the room and looked around, and he passed into the adjoining closet; but the object of his search was not to be found. He hastened back to where he had left Elsena, and seizing her by the shoulder, he shook her severely, but she did not answer him. He then thought that the girl might be frightened if she found him by her bed, and he hastened away, and calling two of the female slaves he bade them go and awaken Elsena as soon as possible. They obeyed him, and ere long they returned and informed him that the girl was awake, though quite sick. Hassan hastened up, and found Elsena vomiting.

"How is this?" he asked, laying his hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"Some one has given me bhang, my master," she replied.

"But where is Morgiana?"

"Is she not in her room?"

"No—she is not in any of them."

"Then I cannot inform you where she is," replied Elsena, with much apparent wonderment. "I was with her last evening, and we sat together until very late, for she said she wanted me to keep her company. When I was tired, she fixed some water scented with cinnamon syrup, and gave me to drink. I remember of feeling sleepy after that, and that is all. I surely know no more."

At this moment one of the girls came running in to announce to Elsena that her mother was dead. The girl uttered a cry of terror and started off, Hassan followed close behind her. They found old Eljelis upon her bed, but Hassan quickly saw that she only slept, so he bade some of those present to shake her severely. This was done, and after awhile the woman waked up. Her face was pale, and it was some time ere she seemed to comprehend what was passing about her.

"How is this?" Hassan asked, shaking her by the shoulder. "What have you been doing?"

"Ah!" she uttered, feigning to be very angry, "where is that little evil sprite of a Gulnare? She has served me a trick. Last night, my master, we were sitting here together—for you know your father, bless him, gave the girl in charge to me—when she arose and told me she had some very lovely syrup of roses; and thereupon she prepared some in water, and gave me to drink. I felt sleepy shortly afterwards, and when the drink moved in my stomach I knew I could taste bhang; but before I could make any movement to get rid of it, my senses left me. But where is she? By Allah! I'll punish her for this."

Search was made for Gulnare, but she was not to be found, and after a while Hassan knew that Morgiana had again fled from him. Rage filled his bosom, and he swore he would find her if he had to search to the uttermost parts of the earth. He sought his father, and together they planned for the search.

"By the Book of books—the voice of the Prophet!" cried Hassan, smiting himself upon the breast, "this is too much. But how can she have gone? Let us send out our slaves at once through the city—let the criers be paid to proclaim our loss and offer a reward, and let us send off the mamlouks as before. O, she shall be mine when I find her once again, and when she escapes from me next she must rend stout iron in sunder to do it!"

Ali Shir sympathized with his son, and ere long the servants were upon the search, while upon each road that led from the city a party of mamlouks were in pursuit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WANDERER.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

At the close of an Indian summer's day in November, I was engaged, pencil in hand, in my study, in *checking* the names on my list of visits, called upon that day, when a faint and timid knock was heard at my door

Upon going to it, and opening it, a man stood there with a beard and moustache, a pale cheek, and eyes full of an expression of helplessness, of poverty and suffering. He leaned feebly upon a stick, as if ready to sink. He was dressed meanly, with torn coat and worn-out trowsers. His outer garment was closely buttoned to his throat, by its two only remaining buttons, and concealed all signs of linen, if such he wore. His feet were encased in shoes so badly ripped, that they were little better covering than sandals; for his toes were all visible. Upon seeing me, he raised his tattered cap with an air of humility and finished politeness, and said in broken English, and with touching pathos:

"Monsieur Minister, I am a pauvre! I am vera sick. I have no bed—no house—no place for lay down."

The utter abandonment to woe, the plaintive sick tone with which these few words were uttered, as well as the words themselves, touched me deeply. I remembered the words of the blessed Wanderer on earth, Mary's Divine Son, "who had not where to lay his head" I saw in this poor stranger a brother in poverty to my beloved Master. I took him by the hand and gently drew him in; I placed him in my own arm-chair, and gave another stir to the fire, for he looked cold. His expressive, sorrowful gaze of gratitude upon me, was more eloquent than words.

"You are French, mon ami?" I said, speaking to him in his language. Upon this his sad eyes lighted up, a smile passed over his face, and he responded in French:

"Yes, Monsieur Minister, at your humble service. You speak my tongue. I am very much pleased."

And he grasped my hand, and pressed his lips upon it.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, kindly, and withdrawing my hand from his grasp.

"I am sick, monsieur. I am a stranger and have no money, and no one will take me in. At the coffee-house, at the private house, all the world shut the door in my face, because I have no money, and because I am so badly clad. I thought I should perish in the street."

"Where did you sleep last night? Where did you get your breakfast and dinner?" I asked.

"I slept on some shavings in a carpenter's yard. I have had no breakfast, no dinner. A little girl gave me an apple and a piece of bread from her school-basket; and she told me to find you, and you would be my very good friend, and take care of me. She said she was one of your Sunday school scholars, monsieur minister. Here is monsieur's name which the pretty enfante wrote down with hers."

He placed in my hand a piece of the fly-leaf of a school-book, and on it was written my address, and the name of Annie Irvine, a lovely little girl of ten years, whom I well knew.

I now learned from the stranger, whose language and manners showed that he was an highly educated and well-bred man, notwithstanding his present condition and looks, that he had been concerned in a conspiracy to oppose submission to the *coup d' etat* of Louis Napoleon, and had been, with seventy others, arrested, and sent into banishment to Curacoa; that he had escaped last June from thence, in a deserted ship's boat that the waves had thrown upon the beach, and after unheard-of sufferings from heat, thirst, and hunger, of which his face bore still the indelible traces, he was picked up by a vessel, and carried into New Orleans. There he was soon attacked by the yellow fever, from which he was with difficulty raised up. Restored health found him discharged from the hospital without means, and without friends. He knew no profession, and would gladly have put his hand to anything that would remunerate him with bread and bed. The first night after leaving the hospital he slept in a covered cart, which stood in a yard. The next day he was wandering along the Lake Pier, offering himself for any labor, when he saw men unlading a schooner freighted with wood. He approached, and offered his services. To his great joy he was employed, and worked till night, receiving a dollar for his wages. The captain, who was half French, half Creole, now proposed to him to ship with him. The schooner's commerce consisted in receiving deck loads of wood, at Pascagoula, Portersville, and other places on Lake Pontchartrain, and selling it in New Orleans. In this occupation the exile, born to affluence and aristocratic leisure, continued for two months, when, in cutting wood for his vessel, in the cedar swamps, he took the chills and fever, and was unable to work. His vessel left him an invalid, in the hut of an old Frenchman, who in his helplessness, cruelly robbed him of all his hard earned money, and turned him from the hut, to wander in the forest. The poor man already knew that Mobile was but thirty miles distant across the land, and he resolved to try and reach this city. The first day, carrying his axe on his shoulder, he accomplished twelve miles, and weary and sick, with a fiery fever and intense pain in the head, he sank beneath a tree at nightfall, believing he should die before morning. But a family of Indians, going to Mobile, their backs laden with "Chumpa," (a species of light wood) encamping near him, discovered him, and brought him to their camp-fire. Here they treated him kindly, and one of the old women made him a bitter tea of herbs, and made him drink it. That night he slept well, and in the morning awoke free from pain and fever.

The Indians now cooked their breakfast, of cornbread and dried venison, and giving him a portion resumed their heavy packs, and made sign for him to follow. After about five miles they came upon a large Indian village, picturesquely situated under a grove of live oaks, beneath which ran a clear brook. There were thirty cabins, and about two hundred Indians, of the Creek tribe, whose occupation in the winter is hunting deer and gathering "chumpa," for the city of Mobile, twelve miles distant.

The appearance of a white man in the camp was soon explained. The chief, a gaily-attired young man, looking like a melo dramatic Italian bandit, pointing to the exile's axe, said:

"White man good for axe! White man cut plenty of chumpa! White man make heap of money! Hugh!"

The poor wanderer understood the Indian, and had English enough to make an agreement with him to "cut chumpa," at one dollar a day. This chumpa is fat, resinous pine, hewn from the trees and cut into pieces a foot and a half long, and the size of a man's wrist. It is then tied up with willow bands into parcels of forty and fifty pieces, and these the Indian women lash to their backs, and sustain them by a broad band, passing across the forehead, which holds up the whole weight. A load for a squaw will sell for half a dollar; and it is in great demand by housekeepers for kindling coal.

In this occupation the young Parisian and political conspirator continued for two weeks, when he had accumulated twelve dollars. At this time his chills returned, and he was compelled to give up his work. The Indians were kind, and nursed him with great care; but he grew worse, and at length he resolved to come to the city for medical aid. About two miles from town he was compelled to sit down by the way-side, from weakness and exhaustion. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, his money, paid him by the Indians, was gone. Some one had taken it from his pocket as he slept. He got a ride in a negro's cart, and came into the city and was set down, an entire stranger, moneyless and friendless, near the market-house; and unable to get admittance to any of the low taverns, because he could not pay for his lodging, and being denied admittance to private houses, he wandered the streets till night and slept under a carpenter's shed with a burning fever upon him all night. The next day he resumed his wanderings through the streets of a Christian city, with no one to take pity on him, or, as he expressed it in a touching way, "give me a place where to lay my head, that I may die." As he was seated upon the step of a wealthy man's house, Annie Irvine, going past to school, with her little basket of dinner, seeing how poor and forlorn he looked, was moved to pity him in her good little heart, and to take from her store an apple and piece of bread, and give to him, saying: "Take these, poor gentleman; you look as if you had no friends and nothing to eat."

As the Frenchman repeated her words to me his eyes filled with tears, and his voice was tremulous with emotion.

And her sweet charity not content with what she did, she thought of her minister, and sent him to one whom she remembered she had heard often repeat, from the communion service, "Turn not thy face from any poor man;" and so, with holy confidence, did she give this poor man my address.

Such was his narrative of his sufferings. Ah, every poor man—every wanderer that we pass in the street has his history; which, if known, would open our hearts either to pity or sympathy.

The question was now what I should do with my guest? My house had not a spare room, as I wish it had, for the lodging of the wayfarers, whom God sends to my door. It was out of the question for me to accommodate him. To send him to one of the common taverns would not do, for they were little better than drinking dens, and he needed quiet, needed, to use his own expressive words: "A place where I can be sick, to get well."

At last I thought what I would do, and bidding him take my arm, and lean upon it, I led him forth into the street, and around the corner. I stopped at a neat and humble dwelling, where dwelt a poor widow, with a grown up son, who was just recovering from an injury he had received on board a steamboat, upon which he worked.

"Ah, sir, come in, come in," said the widow, upon answering my knock. "I am always glad to see my minister," and she dusted a chair with a long, gray stocking she was knitting, and placed it for me and another for the tattered and miserable man who was with me.

"I have come, Mistress Bow, to ask you if you can accommodate with a bed and food this sick man? He needs quiet and nursing to get his strength. I will pay you three dollars and-a-half a week for his board."

"O, yes, don't speak of pay. He can room with George, for there's two beds in the room. Poor men are Christ's brothers, and I gladly receive them."

"Nay, are they not rather Christ himself, mother?" said George, a smile lighting up his fine face; for her son was both an intelligent man and a Christian. "Does not the New Testament say, 'I was sick and a stranger, and ye took me in, and inasmuch as ye did it to one of these, ye did it unto me.' Gladly we receive him, as if he were Christ himself, sir."

This was spoken with such a frank and hearty way, that it showed in a remarkable degree the sincerity of this young man's faith, as well as the excellency of his charity.

The poor exile was all tears and gratitude to find himself all at once in such a sheltered home, with kind words and welcoming faces. I led him into his room, and when I took my leave of him, it was with difficulty I could prevent him from falling on his knees to me, in the overcoming power of his thankfulness.

The same evening my wife sent him a complete change of linen, and my second best suit, which I missed only when I went to the usual nail for it; so that my third best suit, with a tidy patch here and there, does service for the one given away.

A week's care and nursing, and the cheerful society of the convalescent steamboat man, did wonders. On the eighth morning my door bell rang, which I answered in person. A pale, but handsome young man, with a moustache, neatly but somewhat clerically attired, stood at the door. But for his moustache I should have taken him for a young man in deacon's orders. Before I had time to speculate he caught my two hands, and covered them with kisses, and fairly went down upon his knees. It was my wanderer. I raised him, with a kind reproach, for bending his knees to man (albeit he was of the French nation), and took him into my sitting room. He told me that he was almost quite restored to health; and that he could not delay longer coming to express his gratitude. In a few days he was perfectly well, and I found employment for him in copying sermons, for he wrote well, until I was so fortunate as to obtain for him a lucrative situation in a French house, in the city, where he gives the highest satisfaction, and wins all hearts by his courtesy and gentleness.

"Never turn thy face from any poor man, and the face of the Lord shall never be turned from thee."

THE HYENA.

"Cowardly as a hyena," is an Arab proverb. Perhaps, the main cause of the universal hatred which this odious beast inspires, arises from its habit of violating graves. Whether resurrection-men or hyenas are concerned, the feeling is the same in the popular mind. What else can we do but execrate the insulters and devourers of what remains of those we have loved most dearly on earth? Now, the hyena, who fears to attack any other creature than a solitary, wretched, ailing, half-starved dog, not daring to make an onslaught on a flock of sheep, the vile hyena disinters the dead and eats their very bones. Is it likely that such a beast should meet with anything but detestation? As a precautionary measure, which is not always effectual, the Arabs bury their dead very deep. In some districts, they even build two vaults for the reception of the body, putting their precious deposit in the lower one. Consequently, the skin of so dastard an animal is looked upon as valueless. In the majority of tents it would be refused admittance, for fear it should bring bad luck with it.—*Animal Kingdom.*

FIGHTING UNDER COVER.

The new French floating batteries are entirely built of iron and covered with a shell of the same metal, under which the chimney is lowered and concealed during the action. Trials have been made against this shell with forty-six pounders, but they only produce a slight dent, the projectiles themselves rebounding far away. When shut, the batteries look like a tortoise, broader in front than behind. The front battery is armed with thirty guns of the heaviest calibre. The port holes are in their turn closed by lids, that open of themselves at the moment the gun is fired, and then shut instantly. A small orifice in the lid enables the gunner to take aim.—*Albion.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A MOMENT.

BY FANNY BELL.

'Tis the breath of a moment, which no one regardeth,
That holdeth the key to each secret of life;
'Tis a moment that oft our long watching rewardeth,
And calms the dark waters of sorrow and strife.
Its breath may seem nothing, but yet 'tis extending,
A power the sublimest our being can know;
A moment may yield us a bliss without ending—
A moment consign us to darkness and woe!

Its circle may flash with a beauty that ages
May crown as immortal, and hallow its birth;
A moment may question the wisdom of sages,
And change the whole system of science and earth.
A moment—the soul of the painter can feel it—
It thrills through his frame with a spirit like fire;
A moment—O once let the gifted reveal it,
And heaven is short of the height 'twould aspire.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ROBBER OF SHERWOOD.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Sir Thomas, you know I have you in my power. You are mine to crush if I will; and most assuredly will I do it if you do not come to my terms."

The speaker was Robert Lamwood, a man thirty years of age, upon whose bearded face the stamp of dissipation was most indelibly fixed, and whose whole contour betrayed the deep, practised villain. He was gaudily dressed, as most of his class generally are.

"No, no, Robert, you will not do that," uttered the baronet, in eager tones.

"I tell you, Sir Thomas Langdon, I will not spare you. I love your daughter, and she must be my wife."

"O, no! Take my gold—take ten thousand pounds, if you will, but spare my child!"

"Ah, my dear Sir Thomas, I mean to have the gold, too," returned Lamwood, with a smile. If I marry the child, of course I shall inherit the gold. Don't you see?"

The baronet did see, and he groaned aloud. He was now in the evening of his life, and all that was left on earth for him to love was his child. He had spent the early part of his manhood in India, and not until his five-and fortieth year did he return to his native land. Then he took a wife, who presented him with a sweet child, and then died. Sir Thomas had loved his gentle wife as a part of his own soul, and as his daughter grew up, all his mighty love centered upon her. And now, to think that his heavenly jewel must be sacrificed to such a man was maddening.

"Robert Lamwood, you know nothing of that love which my child needs to make her happy. Spare her to me, and name the sum of gold that will satisfy you, and it shall be yours."

"Fool!" hissed the villain, contemptuously; "Do you think gold can buy my love? No! I'll have your child, or I'll *have—your—life!* Just as sure as we both live at this moment am I fixed in this resolve."

"But you may relent. The tears of my child—"

"Hold! Were Isabel Langdon's tears each one a sea of blood, I'd laugh them away if they were shed to move me. But let us have no more of this. Now listen to me:" and thus speaking, Robert Lamwood arose and put on his hat. "I am going. If I leave this house without your promise, you die, and your character is ruined forever. Shame will sit upon your daughter's brow like the mark of Cain, and eat into her soul like cankering poison! Speak, sir. Say but one word, and you are safe."

The man moved towards the door as he spoke. His hand was upon the latch. He had passed half out when the old man sprang to his feet.

"Stop! stop!" he cried. "Save me!—O, do not ruin me!"

"You hold the key of salvation in your own hands, sir," was the cool response.

"Come to-morrow—"

"If I do, it must be for my wife, or with the officers of justice!"

A moment the old man bowed his head. His bosom heaved, and his frame quivered with emotion.

"Farewell!" spoke Lamwood, turning to go.

"Stop! stop! You—you—O, come to-morrow!"

"With the sheriff?"

"No! no!"

"I'll wait no more. Die if you wish! Adieu, Sir Thomas."

"No, no,—stop!—*Take her!*"

With an effort the baronet sank back into his chair, and clasped his hands over his eyes.

"I have your promise?"

"Yes—O, God have mercy on me!"

Ere long after Lamwood had gone, Isabel Langdon entered her father's presence. She was a beautiful girl; a mild, hazel-eyed, pure being, whose character had been formed at home, and whose highest hope of joy was to love and be loved. She had seen eighteen years of life, and was just opening into noble, full-developed womanhood.

She placed her arms about her father's neck, and asked him what had been done. He hesitated a while, and then with a bursting heart, he told her all.

For some minutes the beautiful maiden remained silent. Her bosom rose and fell at long, unsteady intervals, but she did not weep. At length she looked up, and in a low, forced whisper she said:

"My father, you must tell me what this terrible thing is. It is hard thus to tear out my very soul and cast it away, but yet for your sake I will do it. But tell me of this curse, of this fearful power which that bad man holds over you. Come, fear not to trust the child that is to save you."

"Of course I must tell you, my child, for I would not have you hold suspicions which might be worse than the truth. Listen: You know the man who came from India with me—he was a youth then—his name was Laban Aldrich. He was a wild, dissipated, reckless fellow, and twice he cheated me when at play. We used to play cards some on our homeward voyage, just to while away the time. When he came home, he devoted a few years to the most riotous dissipation, and at the end of the race, his father disinherited him, and cast him off. Then he came here to Sherwood to see me, and claiming my friendship he remained some months; but finally his course was such that I was obliged to send him off. I had to fairly turn him from my doors. He seemed at first inclined to be a better man; and it was then that he asked me that question concerning yourself. Ah, my child, even when you were but a laughing, prattling child, he loved you He asked me if, should he in years to come, change to a sober true man, I would give him your hand. He said your influence would save him. But I only gave him a stern refusal. And so Laban Aldrich went away, and he spoke many things evil of me. Once, when Robert Lamwood and others were present, I made the hasty assertion, that if I ever met Laban Aldrich I'd shoot him. And then I related some of the wicked things he had done. My sayings were told to him, and not long afterwards we met right here on the edge of Sherwood Forest. He stopped me, and demanded satisfaction for the words I had spoken against him. I tried to avoid him, but I could not. He told me he was tired of life, but that he would not die until he had punished me. At length his taunts moved me, and we drew our pistols. He counted, 'one—two—three,' and we both fired. I was not touched, but he fell. I sprang forward and raised him up, but ere I could fully satisfy myself of the nature of the wound, I heard footsteps by my side, and on looking up I saw Robert Lamwood.

"'I saw it all, Sir Thomas,' he said; 'but flee, and I will take care of the body.' And then he told me that a party of officers were close upon us. I told him I had only fought in self-defence; but he laughed at me. He told me to remember the threats I had made. But enough of that. I did flee, and left Lamwood with the body. That was five—no,—six, years ago. In a few days afterwards Lamwood told me the man was buried, and he also told me that if I was careful my secret would be safe. O, you cannot know how those words jarred upon my soul. I knew that the government hated me, for I had been fool enough to expose some of the iniquities of the East India management. I had come home almost the richest man in the country, and for that I was envied. But when I came publicly to publish the short-comings of government in foreign possessions, I was feared and hated. Lamwood knew of this, and he told me of it. Under those circumstances I knew what would be the inevitable result of exposure of the death of Aldrich. Lamwood swore that he did not see Aldrich have a pistol, but that he did see the '*poor man*' trying to escape me. And then others had heard me make that idle threat.

"Thus, though conscious innocence was in my soul, I was forced to capitulate with the villain. He knew that I was rich—that every year the income from my vast property yielded me a separate fortune—and he commenced to draw upon my purse. Every one or two months he has come and demanded money, and I have paid it to him. To be sure I gave him thousands of pounds, but I should not have missed it from my vast store, only the *way* in which it was drawn from me was agonizing. And now he has made his final claim. He has waited until you have grown up, and now he will have your hand. He must have that, or he will expose my—my—no, it was not a crime; but so he will call it, and so must I suffer. Now speak freely, my child, I can die; but, O, think of the stain that must rest upon you."

Just one hour after this Isabel Langdon placed her arms about her father's neck again, and told him she should give up all for him. She did not blame him—but her life was his, and she freely gave it up.

* * * * *

It is on the following day that we see Isabel again. The sun was sinking fast towards its western bed, and the shadows lay long upon the earth. But Isabel was not alone. Upon the moss-bank by her side sat a noble, bold-browed youth, whose face was pale, and whose eyes were red with weeping. His name was Arthur Maybury, and his father had once been Sir Thomas's bosom friend.

"My heaven, Isabel, this must be a dream—a fatal—a fearful dream. O, it must not, cannot be, that I am thus to lose you! O, death were ten thousand times preferable to this!"

The maiden reclined her head upon her companion's bosom, and sobbed as though her heart would break. She could not speak—she dared not. Arthur was her heart's idol—her soul's most holy, sacred love. Thus she reclined, when the sound of approaching footsteps aroused her, and on looking up, she saw her father. A moment he gazed upon the noble looking couple, and his strength of purpose came well nigh giving way. But the demon soon conquered his faithful heart.

"My children," he said, "let this meeting end here. No good can come of it. The die is cast. Arthur, heaven bless you—but you—must not see my child again. Fate has separated you."

"Say not so," cried the youth.

"—sh! Beware, Arthur," returned the old man, "you know not what I suffer now. But come, Isabel, you must go with me. Adieu, Arthur. Heaven bless you!"

Sir Thomas had taken his child by the hand, and ere he had started to move from the garden, he was startled by the approach of a man whom he at once knew by his dress and general appearance. The new comer was habited in a sort of undress, military costume, with a scarlet velvet cap upon his head, in the golden band of which was a single ostrich feather. His face was covered with a thick growth of long black beard; and on the whole, he was the *beau ideal* of the dauntless robber.

"I bid you good evening, Sir Thomas," he said, as he came up.

"Sir?" uttered the baronet, starting back, and instinctively placing his hand upon his hip, where he sometimes wore a sword.

"You know me then," said the stranger, with a smile."

"*Draco Cassimer!*" rejoined the old man.

"The *Robber of Sherwood!*" added Arther Maybury, in astonishment.

"You are right, gentlemen," replied the robber, for he it was; "and now listen to me, for I must be brief I wish you to follow me to the edge of the forest."

"Follow you?—follow the most notorious outlaw in the kingdom?"

"Ay—Follow me to the forest, I shall not detain you long"

"But wherefore?"

"You shall see anon. But if you fear, then take my arms. Here—here are my pistols and my daggers."

"No, no," quickly answered Sir Thomas, ashamed to acknowledge personal fear. "But I would know your reason for this strange request."

"It concerns you all three, most materially, and I know not which of you the most. But we must hasten."

Arthur felt a strange gleam of hope in his soul. "Let us go," he cried. "Come, Sir Thomas."

"Very well," returned the old man, "I will go."

"At this the robber stepped lightly to where Isabel stood. He took her hand in his, and in a low voice said:

"Lady, we shall never meet again. In after years, when you may hear people recounting the terrible deeds of the Robber of Sherwood, you will remember one act of his life from which a beam of sunshine fell across your life-path. Farewell."

As he spoke—and ere she could prevent him—he bent forward and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. Then he turned away and bade the two men follow him. Arthur's first emotion was one of anger, but he soon forgot it, and then, having seen Isabel start for the house, he gave the baronet his arm, and followed the robber from the garden.

The sun was sinking behind the tall trees of the forest as they started, and their steps were long and quick. The distance was not great, and they reached the edge of the deep wood ere the daylight had gone. The robber struck into a narrow path, and at the distance of a few rods he stopped by the side of a human form. He stooped down and removed the cape from the face, and both the baronet and Arthur at once recognized the pale, distorted features of Robert Lamwood!

"*Dead?*" whispered the old man, interrogatively.

"Yes, *dead!*" returned the robber; "and dead by my own hand!"

A few moments the three remained gazing on the corse in silence, and then the robber resumed: "Sir Thomas Langdon, listen to me, for I may never speak with you again. Do you not know me?"

"And can you not see beyond the Sherwood robber's name? Look now!"

As he spoke he tore the black beard from his face, and the long black curls from his head. A moment the old man gazed into the now altered features, and then, while his whole frame trembled, he gasped:

"*Laban Aldrich!*"

"Ay, I am the same wicked Laban. But you know me now."

"And I did not kill you,—I did not take your life!" uttered the baronet, spasmodically.

"Of course not, or I should not have been here now. But now to my story, for night is coming. On that day when we met in the forest, Robert Lamwood was with me. He saw me fall, and he rushed out, as you know. When you were gone I revived, and he carried me to a small cot away in the deep wood. I recovered there, and then we planned that we would both live upon your fear; you were to believe that I was dead, and while Lamwood drained your purse, I was to share in the fruit. But my restless spirit could not repose thus. My soul was bitter, and full of hatred, and I resolved to take by force that which I was not willing to honestly work for. So I turned robber, and took the name which has since been a terror to all travellers.

"But through all my evil course, I never forgot the love I felt for that gentle being whom you call your child. For a while I held the thought of making her my wife if I could. I went one day and hid in your garden, and there I saw Isabel. The emotions of that hour changed all my plans. When I saw the lovely being, I could not feel it in my heart to drag her down with me, for I loved her as I loved nothing else on earth. I would not make her miserable. Thus I left your child, and it was not until yesterday that I discovered Lamwood's fiendish plan. But as soon as I discovered it, I told him he should not do it. The matter rested until to-day, and then it came up again. He swore that Isabel should be his wife, and he told me how he had secured the prize. Should I see the gentle being whom I had so fondly given up, now forced to be the wife of a greater villain than I was? I swore that he should not accomplish his purpose. Words grew hot between us—and—you see the result. I feel no sorrow for this deed, for I did it for a noble purpose. And now," resumed the robber, "I must bid adieu to this country. When I am gone, it will be publicly known who I really was. Farewell."

Thus speaking, Laban Aldrich turned and plunged into the deep wood, and in a few moments the sound of his steps was lost, and the baronet and his companion turned away, and the body of the dead villain was left for those who might choose to take care of it. And that night Isabel Langdon smiled in joy once more. Her father was free and happy now, for a fearful load had been removed from his soul; and as he placed the hand of his sweet child in that of the man whom she truly loved, he blessed God for the bright sunshine that shed its halo o'er the scene. Nothing more was ever heard of Laban Aldrich, nor was the loss of Lamwood seriously felt. The baronet and his happy children sometimes mentioned their names, but it was with caution, for they cared not to have it known how intimately, though innocently, they had been connected with the famed *Robber of Sherwood.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DYING INDIAN CHIEF.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"What sounds come floating on the air?
What breezes wave the trees?
My ear detects a spirit-band!
My eye strange vision sees.
Son of my age! soon to be chief!
Lead me forth in the wood;
These spirits floating in mid air,
My dissolution bode.

"Eye-of-the-Eagle! lead me forth,
And stay thou by my side,
I'd show thee, son of many chiefs,
How all thy race have died;
Lead me beneath the waving oak—
Beside the whispering brook,
And on these features scarred and seamed,
Feast thy last, lingering look."

He sat beneath the waving oak,
O'erhung with trellised vines,
And many-tinted russet leaves
Waved softly to the winds;
And timid birds came trilling there,
And breezes lowly sigh,
Awhile the aged chieftain came
And laid him down to die.

"Now, sound the war-whoop! louder yet!
O louder still, my son!
What shall I tell the spirit-band,
Of the chieftain yet to come?
What canst thou boast of, Eagle-Eye—
Son of my withering age?
Recount thy scalps—relate thy deeds—
The wars thy youth hath waged!"

"My father! hast thou e'er forgot,
How in the wars with thee
I fought beside thee, and thou looked
Down smilingly on me?
Hast thou forgot how many scalps
I hung thy wigwam round?
Hast those forgotten, when a boy
The grizzly bear I found?

"And how I fought her, till thou cam'st,
And bore me, reeking blood,
And bound my wounds with thine own hands,
With medicine from the wood—
Carried me safely in thy arms—
Too weak to lift my voice;
And how thy tribe did all turn out,
To help their chief rejoice!"

"Ay, I remember now, my son,
That was a glorious day!
I found thee weltering in thy blood—
Thy breast half torn away.
Still with thy little tomahawk,
Thou nobly struggled on:
Ah, I can tell thy chieftain-sires
Thou art indeed my son!

"Stay, Eagle-Eye, beside me now;
Hearest thou strange music, borne
Upon the breeze? like hunting-bands
That rouse the deer at morn.
Hast thou my bow and arrows by?
My trusty bow and darts—
That in the spirit hunting grounds
Will slay the fleetest harts!"

"Ay, father! I have brought them all,
But I can hear no sound,
Except th' impatient nuts, that
'Scape and roll upon the ground:
Let Eagle-Eye go to the camp,
And fetch Great-Medicine forth—
He fears the Evil eye hath glanced,
And leads thy vision wroth."

"Nay, nay, my son, stay thou by me!
I would not have thee go;
Hear'st thou no music, like the tones
Of chieftains whispering low?
Seest thou no spirits flitting round?
No hunters in the skies?
Ha! seest thou not thy chieftain-sires
Pursue the fleeting prize?

"Look! O my son! the sky lights up!
On golden billows borne,
Ten thousand suns rise in the west!
The Spirit-Land of men—
Sowahnah calls from southern lands!
No longer I can stay—
Wahcondah on the sunset stands!
O son! I must away!"

The chill dews palled upon the ear—
They fell upon the glade—
The Son-of-many-Chiefs was there
Alone among the dead.
Spirits of his departed race
From the bright sunset come,
And hovering round the youthful chief,
Whisper, "Thou art our son!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. BUSH'S BAY WINDOWS.

BY MRS E. WELLMONT.

Mr. Bush had just such a store as suited his fancy, and Mrs. Bush had just such a house as suited her taste. There was only this difference between the two—the store never needed remodelling, but the house did. It was now ten years since Mrs. Bush introduced a set of Parisian furniture into her drawing-rooms, and having been often stripped of the white linen covering which justly belonged to the varied ottomans, chairs, divans and window seats, the sun had made very free with their bright tints, and like many a rouged maiden, their brilliancy began to fade. This apparent decay was very opportune, as it happened at the very time Mrs. Bush was thinking of introducing two bay windows—one to adorn her drawing-room, and the other her library above.

And this was no new idea of which Mrs. Bush came possessed; so her husband's reply, "that it was all nonsense, and never worth while to incur such a useless expense," affected her not in the least. She always remembered that she brought some property into the marriage bond—a circumstance which is rarely forgotten, and sometimes too often alluded to, for the comfort of joint partners in common stock. She would have the bay windows; they must be built before the arrival of the new furniture, which would be brought in the fall steamers or packets. Mr. Bush was about to take a western tour "to look after bad debts," and in his absence Shingle the carpenter would attend to the job.

All things were progressing; the carpenter's plan was well adapted to the place to be extended out, the terms were agreed upon, the time the work should be finished stipulated, and Mrs. Bush made herself and household busy in packing away and storing in an upper loft all the furniture which the upholsterer or auctioneer did not convey away. She then prepared to vacate the premises, taking lodgings where she could have a daily oversight—thus retarding by suggestions and provoking by remarks the foreman entrusted with the job. The work did not advance so rapidly as Mrs. Bush desired—she would have it finished, by all means, before her husband's return. She had almost felt that she wished she had never undertaken the business—it was a great deal more work than she had supposed; it sent rubbish and confusion to every part of the house; they were blinded by old lime, blockaded by laths, exposed to the most driving storms, and altogether, the neat, trim house which a week or two ago presented such an attractive appearance, had become converted into a tool-shop and mortar bed—hod carriers and carpenters alternating, as the work demanded. Truly, to build Mrs. Bush's bay windows was quite a heavy job.

We doubt whether any proprietor ever undertook to remodel his dwelling for mere fancy, without feeling heartily sick of the business, if it occasioned the removal of the family and the tearing down that about which we had some doubts whether, when built up, we should look upon with more satisfaction. We must quote a case in point:

A friend of ours not long since became fascinated with the idea of removing the folding-doors connecting his large drawing rooms. He sent for the carpenter, and stated his intention. Not intent upon undertaking a job, the workman remarked, carelessly:

"It will occasion you a world of confusion; the lime-dust will reach from attic to cellar. And then, again, are you sure you will like the change when it is finished? Don't you ever like to close these doors, in a cold wintry night, when a few friends are gathered, and feel that within a smaller space there seems to be more an air of comfort?"

Some of those cozy evenings were brought afresh to our friend's recollection. "What shall I pay you, sir, for thus intruding upon your time and giving your advice, for I have concluded I will not undertake the work?" demanded Mr. A.

Our friend only reflected upon one side, and this was just the position in which Mrs. Bush found herself. In the space of two months, however, the work was completed. The bay windows were tastefully inserted, the house was rendered far more pleasant, a beautiful extended view was opened, and you had only to open the side blinds, and every enraptured beholder exclaimed: "I wish we could have bay windows in our dwelling!" Mrs. Bush was sure her husband could not but approve her improvement—in a financial view (this was the point he would consider), the house would bring double the cost of the outlay.

Unluckily, however, there are two sides to other subjects besides bay windows. Mr. Grundy occupied the next tenement to Mr. Bush—indeed they were in the same block. Shingle the carpenter had hinted that Grundy did not like the idea of thus being shut out of his prospect; but Mrs. Bush forgot Mr. Grundy had rights which he held sacred as herself, and that had he reversed them, and built a window which would overlook on one side of her drawing-room, she should have remonstrated. She therefore saw her neighbor, and apologized; but she had violated a principle of right, and he had left the affair with his attorney to be adjusted. Grundy was cool, but decided. Mrs. Bush recognized him as a good neighbor, very peaceable and kind, and she did not fear any trouble. Grundy had ordered his attorney to defer matters till Mr. Bush should return; and Mrs. Bush, taking silence for consent, proceeded to improve her drawing-room, and an upholsterer beautifully draped her bay windows.

Mr. Bush returned. "Yes, it suited him very well; he didn't know but the rooms were more pleasant, but it was an enormous outlay—five hundred dollars for each window; it would buy a small cottage in the country." The bill, however, was discharged, for Mr. Bush kept no running accounts. On going to his store one morning just after his return, he received the following note:

"J. Bush, Esq.—Dear Sir: Mr. Grundy, who occupies a dwelling adjoining yours, informs me that by the erection of two projecting windows, you have exceeded the restrictions by which his property is legally shielded, having thus deprived him of air, light and prospect, in such cases made and provided. Your removal of such incumbrances is forthwith demanded; otherwise, a suit at law will be speedily commenced.

"With respect, your obedient servant,
"J. Twiggs."

Mr. Bush immediately consulted legal authorities, and found the bay windows, thus erected, were a gross infringement upon an adjoining tenant. What could he do, but apply to Shingle to remove the same forthwith, and close up the aperture as before?

Mrs. Bush did not appear in public for some time after this affair; it was rumored that she had failing health and depression of spirits, and great doubts are expressed whether, in her husband's absence, she will ever again undertake any great job requiring the aid of a housewright.

It is needless to add that the aperture being closed, Mr. Bush's dwelling looks just as it did formerly, only it will take time for the bricks and mortar to become so discolored as to be a perfect match, where the bay windows were inserted; and it would be no marvel if Mrs. Bush should be constantly reminded of her mistake every time she surveys the outside of her dwelling.

WORKMANSHIP OF HAIR.

The workmanship of hair, to be worn as ornament, has been brought to the perfection of an art. Bracelets, brooches and necklaces of various shades of hair, are elegantly wrought with jewels. I have admired, lately, several of these new and beautiful ornaments, among them a necklace forming a wreath of tulips; the flowers were wrought in hair and the leaves formed of emeralds. Also, a bracelet of blonde hair, worked in a wide, beautiful tress, through which runs a strand of turquoises; the clasp is of turquoises in the form of a medallion, on which are worked in hair the initials of the name.—*Paris Letter to N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LOST DREAMER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

His day has departed—no soul energetic
Illumines his brow with a glory prophetic;
And few are the deeds of affection and duty
That spring from his visions of blossom and beauty.

Forever entranced with the sweetness of regions
Where airy creations are moving in legions,
He yields to the fetters that softly have bound him,
And falleth a prey to the scoffers around him.

His spirit can sympathize not with the stirring,
Or marvel like others at wonders occurring;
Or sigh with the weeping, or smile with the jesting,
Or feel interested in things interesting.

For now he forgetteth the glowing ambition
That promised to better his worldly condition;
And still in the web of his theories striving,
He moveth in circles, at nothing arriving.

While others are sweeping to ports in the distance,
His soul, on the shallows and sands of existence,
Unable to move from the bank where it landed,
Is left like a noble old galleon stranded.

His mind in the world with the thoughts that it thinketh,
Is lone as a lake where the buffalo drinketh,
Where islands of beauty their shadows are throwing,
And waters remain, neither ebbing nor flowing.

And thus there are thousands who dream without doing,
Who hope for the glory, yet shun the pursuing;
Nor feel that each vision of fruitage and meadows,
Itself but a shade, must reward them with shadows.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE COUSINS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

My aunt Bonner was very sentimental. She had read all the novels in the circulating library of S——, where she had been educated in a boarding-school. She contracted friendships, the most tender and pathetic, with eighteen different young ladies who had thirty-six romantic names, such as Rosa Matilda, and the like. She married; but her life-long trouble was that Mr. Bonner had no sensibility. Still, she was not much surprised, as she said she did not expect it from men.

In the course of time, a daughter was added to her family, increasing the flow of my aunt Bonner's tenderness. She rejoiced exceedingly that the little stranger was not a boy, since now she could have one being trained to the true pitch of sentimental refinement. Without taking much thought for the child's physical development, she took great pains to bring out her sensibilities, as she said; and succeeded to her satisfaction in finding that little Laura was turning out a very respectable sentimentalist.

At twelve years of age, she looked as if she had been reared on mountain dew and chopped rose leaves, so much did her mother fear that good wholesome food would make her darling coarse and robust. Laura was indeed growing up a delicate, fragile thing, inheriting more of her mother's languishing ways than was quite pleasing to the father, who presented one of those singular contrasts to his wife which we so often see and wonder at, in matrimonial life. My aunt's husband was a shrewd, practical man of business; very benevolent and public-spirited, without a spice of romance in his composition, and heartily wishing his wife would not turn his books on mercantile law out of the room, to make way for her favorite reading.

Mr. Bonner was guardian to young Lewis Clinton, the son of one of his dearest friends, who, dying, bequeathed his son to the best man he knew; and he received the trust, and the compliment it implied, with equal heartiness and good will. He had placed the boy at school, and afterwards at college, where he had distinguished himself in a manner highly gratifying to Mr. Bonner, who now left him to choose his own path. He delighted his guardian, by deciding to remain with him, and employ his time and the fortune left him by his father, in the pursuits of mercantile life. As the son of his old friend, Mr. Bonner felt bound to offer him rooms in his own house, if it would be more agreeable to his taste than a bachelor's establishment; and Lewis was glad to accept, what he had never yet known, something like a real home.

Laura was now eighteen, and Lewis treated her with a calm respectfulness that she did not quite relish, and which her mother liked as little. They expected the young heir would have shown at least more than this apparent indifference to her, for Laura was now really pretty, and would have been more so, had she been more animated. Had they but known it, Lewis really possessed a fine imagination, and a heart that responded to the finest touches of true, genuine sensibility. Not that which is born of a diseased state of mind, and nursed by unhealthy influences, but that beautiful reality, before which a true heart bows involuntarily. He loved fine music and lofty poetry, though he had no talent for either; but he appreciated them as he appreciated all other art, without being either a painter or a sculptor. At the same time, he disdained none of the appliances of common life, liking his ease and comfort too well to become singular in his tastes and habits; and falling easily into the fashions and customs of others, in his modes of living, dressing and amusements.

Too common by far was all this for Laura Bonner. The hero of her imagination must be something set apart as one to worship and adore. True, Lewis was handsome as any of her imaginary objects of love; his name would not disgrace a woman, and he rode like a knight templar, as her mother expressed it; but then such a cold-hearted indifference to all sentiment as he manifested! and his look, so cool and unimpassioned, when she sang those tender lays that had so charmed young Fitz Clarence Warren.

Lewis was unconquered. He liked Laura, and thought her amiable and pretty. He liked her singing, but he wished she would choose music of a higher character; and he would have been really glad if she could have conquered her indolence and timidity sufficiently to mount his beautiful horse, and try to gather health and animation by a spirited ride among the beautiful scenery which surrounded them.

But there is somebody coming in the next train of cars, Lewis Clinton, who will lay terrible siege to that impenetrable heart of yours. Uncle Bonner had written for his niece, Grace Scott, to pass the winter in his family. His sister, Mrs. Scott, had a very large family, of which Grace was the eldest daughter. When Mr. Bonner had last visited his sister in Greenport, he had noticed the burdens which came upon his niece, who performed, alternately, the duties of nursery maid and governess to the little tribe of Scotts, and he pleaded earnestly for a respite for Grace. Her mother would have gladly consented; but how was she to manage, with Mr. Scott's limited income, to spare her, when she was so useful to the children, and so kind and attentive to all their wants? Mr. Bonner, in the fulness of his benevolence, paid for six months' tuition at a good school, for the three eldest, and recommended the daughter of one of his clerks as a substitute for Grace in the nursery. He had been obliged, however, to write for her three times, before the handsome outfit which he had given her could be made ready, as two of the children were attacked with measles, and only Grace could nurse them.

For a few weeks, Laura had almost compelled Mr. Clinton's attentions. Perhaps she had quarrelled with the handsome "De Warren;" at any rate, she had played on her guitar, when he was by, and selecting the most love-lorn songs, she would fix her melancholy eyes upon his face, and sigh as if from some hidden trouble. At first he was vexed; but at length he became really touched, and found himself oftener listening than he ought, to her peculiar class of melodies. When she *talked*, the charm was broken, but the guitar renewed it. Aunt Bonner looked on complacently, and the love which Laura did not disguise, went far to awaken some interest. He began to think her more interesting, and matters seemed certainly to progress. So, at least, the mother thought. She liked Lewis much, and had often wished that his good qualities could be joined to a sensibility like that which charmed her in Mr. Warren, who, she feared, after all, would not make Laura happy. It was true that she thought Lewis rather common-place; but Laura would soften down those little roughnesses which he had acquired at college, and "on the whole," as she said to Laura, when complaining of his indifference, "you will get along as well as papa and I do"

Not a word did they hint to Mr. Bonner all the while this by-play was going on, for they knew that he would scoff at their silly attempts to manage a man like Clinton. Besides he had other designs for his ward. He hoped, earnestly, that Clinton would fancy Grace Scott, whom he longed to deliver from that domestic thraldom which he felt would soon wear out her young life; for beautiful as her sisterly affection, her patience and devotion to the troop of little ones at home, appeared to him, he could not blind himself to the fact that her strength and health must soon give way to the large demand upon both.

In the midst of the incipient tenderness, slight as it was, for to Clinton's mind, it had not yet attained any distinct form, Grace Scott made her appearance, very suddenly, one day at noon. Only that forenoon had her uncle received the announcement that she would arrive in the next train, and without stopping to apprise them at home, he met her at the cars, and accompanied her to his house in a carriage.

My aunt Bonner was just dressing for dinner, and Grace and her uncle entered the side parlor, where Laura was seated on a low ottoman at Clinton's feet, a position which she had frequently adopted of late, and was singing one of her favorite songs. She rose to meet her cousin whom she had not seen for several years, and whom she could not have recognized in the noble-looking lady, whose full round form and healthy color formed a contrast to her own drooping figure and sallow cheek.

* * * * *

Grace won all their hearts before she had been with them a month. She read the newspaper to her uncle, and brought him his slippers, which was more than his daughter had ever done. She sewed long and diligently for Laura and her aunt, who both hated sewing; and she delighted Mr. Clinton by accepting his offer of the beautiful horse Selim, which Laura's languor had always prevented her from trying.

Grace excelled in this accomplishment, and she looked beautifully in her riding habit, with her color heightened by exercise, and the long plumes half shading her face, as they mingled with the curls that floated on her neck. These rides sealed Clinton's fate, as far as regarded the two cousins. It was impossible, too, that he should not contrast Laura's useless and visionary life with that of Grace, occupying every moment with something desirable, and sacrificing her own comfort to that of others; or rather seeking her own happiness in that of those around her. He saw Grace exerting all her powers of taste, intellect and education, in carrying out the noblest purposes of her being; and he felt how nearly they sympathized with his own. He knew that she was beautiful, because the soul within her shone out from those great brown eyes, and irradiated that calm, clear brow; and not from any mere advantage of form or color alone; otherwise he would have looked upon her only as he looked upon some beautiful painting or statue, and from her uncle's lips, he heard how she was idolized by the children, these truest interpreters of character.

Did Grace share these feelings of love that were growing up fast and strong in Clinton's impenetrable heart? She sat in her room, one morning, somewhat listlessly for her, while her aunt and Laura had driven to the next town on a shopping expedition. Suddenly she sprang up, and running to the stable, she saddled Selim without help, and mounted for a ride. It was a February day; but the slant sun shone brightly on the hard, level road, which wound under a sheltering cliff, and the air was warm and bland, as in early spring.

Grace walked the horse slowly along, and gave up her whole soul to reverie. Too truly did she interpret the emotions which came thickly crowding upon her. She tried to evade the fact that she was loving unasked; but it would not be put aside. She used all the sophistry of which she was capable, and tried to call it friendship that she felt for Lewis Clinton, her cousin's lover, as she believed him to be; but ever the reality came back to her, and its name was *Love*.

And now came a host of terrible thoughts of her own wickedness, as she felt it to be, when she reflected that she had come here, finding, as she really believed, her cousin not only attached to Clinton, but having her attachment truly returned. In her sudden condemnation she spoke aloud. "I will not wait until spring, to go home. I will go this very week, if my uncle will help me. O, that I had never left those darling children to come here and break up the peace of—"

She started so suddenly that her horse started into a full gallop which lasted several minutes. When it subsided to a slower pace, in obedience to her gentle hand, another hand was laid upon Selim's rein, and she felt, rather than saw, that his master was at her side.

"Too hasty riding, by half, dear Grace," said a voice, which had ever sounded musical to her ear before, but which now she shrank from hearing, since the last half hour's painful self-communion. She turned half round with a stately air, and coldly said, "Good morning Mr. Clinton."

"Why, Grace!—Miss Scott, if you like it better—what has come over you? I should have joined you earlier, but have been detained—vexatiously too, for I knew that this fine morning would tempt you and Selim to come here. Are you angry with me, Grace? and on this morning, too, above all others, when I came to you, to ask, trustingly and hopefully, if we might tread the same path together through life. Your uncle gave me permission to say this to you, Grace. He has long foreseen this. How indeed could it be otherwise, when he brought you here to fix my fate for sorrow or happiness? Answer me, Grace!"

He might have talked for an hour before Grace could answer; for her superb head was bent down almost to Selim's beautiful arched neck, and her sobs came thick and fast.

"Was I mistaken after all, Miss Scott?" he said, almost proudly. "Must I take these tears as my refusal?"

His horse started at that moment, from a sudden dropping of the bridle upon his neck, which Clinton was too much agitated to retain; and caracoling furiously for a moment, the animal backed up to a huge pile of rocks, which had been gathered to the roadside for some purpose, and seemed about to cast himself and rider down the precipitous descent, to the deep growth of underbrush beneath.

Grace turned pale, but she had presence of mind to wheel her own horse round where she could catch the fallen rein and restore it to Clinton, shuddering at the deep ravine below them.

"You are a brave woman, Grace," said Lewis, sadly. "You have saved my life, but it is not much worth the risk you ran, unless you will let me devote it to your happiness."

"But my cousin Laura—were you not engaged when I came here?" said Grace, looking round to Clinton, with a radiant smile bursting over her tearful face.

Lewis smiled gaily back to her, as he told her that he had been all the morning listening to her uncle, who had informed him with a long sigh, that his daughter had just accepted Fitz Clarence Warren. Mr. Bonner had added that both Laura and her mother were in quite a sentimental ecstacy when he saw them into the carriage that morning, at the reconciliation which had taken place; "And heaven forbid," said Clinton, "that I should stand in the way of such perfect happiness!"

A robin—the first of the season—sang gaily out from the thicket which they were passing, and as they approached the village, the doors and windows were open, where fair hands were watering the plants which were taken out to feel the influence of the soft, bland, spring-like wind. Everything in the outer world seemed to sympathize with the lovers; and when they returned, it was to find the future Mrs. *De* Warren seated on her low cushion at the feet of her devoted Clarence, in the same position in which Grace had first seen her, and singing "The last link is broken," as if it were a dirge over her attachment for Lewis. Uncle Bonner threw up his hat, and shouted like a boy, regardless of the blushes of Grace, who escaped from the room, half crying, as she met the amazed look of Aunt Bonner, whose penetration had failed to discover any love story in the family, except Laura's.

POMPEII.

The excavations at Pompeii, the city of the dead, are advancing but slowly; and although hours are required to examine that portion of the city which is now revealed, not more than one-third of it has yet been brought to light. There is no doubt that some of the finest specimens of antique art yet remain to be discovered among the beautiful villas which were scattered without the suburbs along the slope of Vesuvius. The extent of the ravages committed by the volcano in the last two thousand years may be judged from the fact that Pompeii when destroyed, was situated immediately upon the bay, but is now about two miles from the shore, the ashes and lava having caused the sea to recede that distance; yet in that vast cycle of time the level of the water-line, according to Sir Charles Lyell, has not materially changed, and were the scoria and ashes removed from between the lowest steps by which the Pompeian entered his galley and the waters of the bay, the Neapolitan boatman might row under the very garden walls of the villa of Diomede.—*Correspondent of the National Intelligencer.*

SENSITIVENESS OF A SEXTON.

Mr. William Boodle has been dead some twenty years. He was my school-fellow. I would have undertaken anything for Boodle while living, but I could not *undertake* for him when dead. The idea of burying Billy Boodle, my playmate from my cradle—we were put into breeches the very same day—with whom I had passed simultaneously through all the epochs—rattles—drums—go-carts—kites—tops—bats—skates—the idea of shovelling the cold earth upon *him* was too much. I would have buried the governor and council with the greatest pleasure, but Billy Boodle!—no—I couldn't. So I changed works a day with one of our craft, who comprehended my feelings perfectly.—*Dealings with the Dead.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

BY E. BAILEY CHANEY.

In 1849, the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco, were the "Bella Union," "Verandah," "Nim de Oro," and "Parker House," all situated about the "Plaza," and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and to drown the noise of dingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons that chilled the blood of the beholder, and is remembered with horror! I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him. The starting eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face and clenched hands, told of heavy losses. Mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him. His gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue. In this case, his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bank; then, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sunk a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed this act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the gambler's damning record, or another soul had not gone to its final account. I learned this much of his history:

He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a safe return of the money so invested; but as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play." But for a while after his arrival, the excitement of trade and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this house, and while waiting for his friend's arrival, staked a few dollars upon the turn of cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice and ended in the tragic manner related.

The Nim de Oro was a gambling saloon on Washington Street, opposite the El Dorado, and in 1849 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers that had been engaged in the war with Mexico.

Behind one of the largest monte-banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon arriving, he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival, a young man entered the saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited by the play and maddened with his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon his face. Quick as thought, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was cleared of the spectators present, the door closed, and medical attendance called in to aid the wounded man.

The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound.

The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied: "From Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being the name of his native State, the mere mention of the name interested him.

The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied: "Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound, when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearney Streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life, and there is my bank, and $10,000 in Burgoyne, and you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until the inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility. The gambler sat by the side of the wounded man, bathed his head, and staunched the flow of blood from the wound, until the arrival of the wife. She came, accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips, as tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her there was no hope, that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours the wounded man must die. She sank down upon her knees, and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God upon her dying husband and his murderer.

The gambler knelt at the side of the wounded man and asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had committed, and also that of his wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for not obeying the sacred injunctions of my aged father and mother not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet. Still I have lived—O God, and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have carried my country's ensign—and that won for me a name among men. When not one comrade was left to tell of the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was not I killed with the rest! All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been classmates together in the same school; received instruction from the same aged man; we were born beneath the same roof, and—O God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!" And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor.

The wounded man raised himself upon his elbows; his glazed eyes wandered about the room, as if searching for some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is my brother William here? I—" And the words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow.

The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul and forgiveness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife, and said:

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but O, do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply, or any one interfere, the report of the pistol sounded again, and the *fratricide had ceased to live!* On the hill near Guicon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a picket fence, and one tombstone at their head with the simple inscription: "Brothers."

News Glances.

Dissatisfied.—Some of our Canadian neighbors complain that their home manufactures are decaying, that their best mechanics are leaving for the United States, and the industry of this "little neck of land" will prove their ruin. Guess not, hope not, reckon not; we want to see every section of the world flourish.

Immigration for 1855.—The statistics of immigration for the last year, show a gradual subsidence in the great westward movement of European population of the last ten years. Last year's immigration, compared with the previous year, shows a diminution of 182,990.

Extensive Warehouse.—A warehouse has just been completed in Philadelphia, which is one hundred feet front and one hundred and ninety feet deep. It will store upwards of sixty thousand barrels of flour, or over a quarter of a million of bushels of grain.

The Lake Trade.—The total receipts of grain at Buffalo by lake, last year, were 18,788,473 bushels, against 18,553,465 in 1854, and 11,078,741 in 1853. The total value of property exported from Buffalo on the Erie Canal during the past year was $29,258,437.

Matrimonial.—During the last year, the venerable Father Streeter, pastor of the first Universalist society in this city, united 196 couples in marriage; and during the period he has served as pastor of the same society, he has solemnized the marriage ceremony for 3959 couples.

Beautiful.—We clip the following from the New York Mirror, a paper which says everything prettily: "The earth is enveloped in a beautiful white sheet—a funeral shroud for the old year and a bridal robe for the new."

Printing in Russia.—The first printing-office in Russia was established in 1560, but was destroyed by the people from a superstitious fear that it would cause some confusion or change in their religion.

Revolutionary Pensioners.—The number of this venerable band grows less and less. It is now reduced to 726. The number of revolutionary widows receiving pensions is 5552.

Winter.—The past winter has been a regular old fashioned one—a little Arcticish—sort of Polar and Captain Kane-ish. It don't follow that the spring will be late or unpleasant, though.

Air-Line Railroad.—The work of constructing the Air Line Railroad from Boston to New York, has been recommenced.

The Difference.—In Europe, people take off their hats to great men—in America great men take off their hats to the people.

Keeping Christmas.—Four men were stabbed in New Orleans on Christmas Day. What a day for such a deed of darkness!

New York.—The number of marriages in the city of New York for the past year was 5505; number of births, 14,496, number of deaths, 23,017.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

☞ All persons who are subscribers to The Flag of our Union, whether in club or otherwise, who will enclose us $2, stating that they are on the subscription list of the Flag, shall receive Ballou's Pictorial for one year, commencing with the same date their Flag subscription commences.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Few papers can compete with *The Flag of our Union* as it regards its *originality*, numbering as it does among its contributors a large list of the best names, while its matter is always chaste and entertaining.—*Daily Bee, Boston.*

Carefully printed upon fine white paper, and filled with *original* matter from beginning to end, *The Flag of our Union* merits the extraordinary popularity which it has enjoyed for *ten* consecutive years.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Go where you will, from Maine to California, you are sure to see *The Flag of our Union* in nearly every family circle. Mr. Ballou evinces great taste and liberality in the publication of this charming weekly.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

Justly unrivalled in circulation, *The Flag of our Union* presents its immense list of subscribers with choice *original* matter, which they can obtain nowhere else. The best writers are engaged upon the paper.—*Daily Ledger.*

The pioneer among the miscellaneous weekly press, *The Flag of our Union* has also proved the most popular and successful. After *ten years* of profitable existence it is now more pleasing and attractive than ever before.—*Quincy Patriot.*

A charming weekly visitor to the home circle is *The Flag of our Union*;—chaste, moral, and exceedingly instructing in each issue, and edited not by a pair of scissors, but by an experienced and careful hand.—*Charleston Mercury.*

LEAP YEAR.

We shall look with a good deal of interest to the matrimonial statistics of the present year, at the close of 1856. When those statistics shall come to hand, after making due allowance for the increase of marriageable persons, and for the influence of a somewhat reduced scale of prices for the necessaries of life, we shall still expect to find a large surplus over the number of marriages in 1855, proving that the ladies have availed themselves of their privilege of making the first advances towards connubialization.

"Phansy the feelinks" of a timid, middle-aged bachelor, who had shuddered at the very idea of proposing, and suddenly finds himself cornered by some enterprising fair one, who is determined to make an example of him, and lead him, will he nill he, a poor deluded victim to the altar. The enterprising young lady finds him alone—defenceless. He has been able to withstand the light artillery of her eyes, playing to the music of her coral lips; but how can the Sebastopol of his heart hold out against a direct summons to surrender? He blushes—he casts down his eyes; and, when his fair suitor drops on her left knee, takes his hand in hers, and asks him, "Will you marry me?" what can he answer but, "You must ask my mama."

We have supposed a not very dreadful case. We have supposed a bachelor's heart stormed by an angel. To surrender to such a solicitress is glorious as a victory. It is indeed a victory. But suppose the suitor to be an old campaigner—not such a campaigner as Thackeray's, who had beauty to recommend, if she was tart as a Tartar,—but a downright specimen of the strong-minded and strong-armed; forty, but neither fair nor fat, with hatchet face, a grizzled mustache, defiant of depilatories, and every feature of her face as unfeminine as possible. A criminal condemned to the gallows was once offered his life if he would consent to marry such a one. He glanced at her, and muttering to himself, "Gray eyes, sharp nose, red hair," added cheerfully to the hangman, who was driving the cart: "Drive on, Jack!" Now fancy, we say, such a Gorgon, Bloomer-clad, booted, if not spurred, a very human vulture, pouncing on some poor old bachelor in a lonely situation, offering him her hand, and threatening to horsewhip him if he dared refuse.

We can easily conceive the wedding of such a forlorn victim to be very much like a funeral. We behold in our imagination, bachelor friends grouped like mourners at the altar, their misery and sympathy mocked by the fiendish exultation flashing from the cat-eyes of the strong-minded and her troops of friends. Really, the Leap Year is full of dangers and pitfalls for unhappy Benedicts. Visions of altars and halters, of wedding rings or alternative ratsbane, must dance before their eyes. We can only say to them, be cautious how you walk—eagle eyes are bent upon you—traps are laid for your thoughtless footsteps—match-making mamas are counting up your dollars—desperate spinsters entertain designs upon your name. In the awful words of the wise (wise too late) Weller the elder, we say unto you, "Beware of widders!"

> "Danger and fascination dog your steps—
> No room's secure, the very street is full
> Of hidden peril, and the only chance
> Of 'scape from evil lies in instant flight."

◆

Kars.—The fall of Kars has given the Russians quite a lift out of the sea of despond, into which the loss of half of Sebastopol had plunged them. The London Times attributes the event to tardiness in forwarding relief.

◆

Very Verdant.—The countryman who, according to Clapp's Gazette, went into Whipple's daguerreotype rooms to get a picture taken of a deceased relative "from a description in an old passport."

◆

Telegraphic.—A recent despatch from the city of Washington says, the "mails are all deranged." It does not mention whether the females are insane also.

◆

Architecture.—The boy whose father had a cupola on his house, confessed himself outshone by the boy whose father had a mortgage on his.

◆

What's in a Name?—Alexander Pope is scouring clothes in New York city, and John Milton sells newspapers in Brooklyn.

SNOW AND SNOW STORMS.

We like snow in winter. It seems to be the natural garb of the earth, and quite preferable to the dry, seared herbage which, in its absence, covers the frozen soil, or the granite-hard clods that fill up our thoroughfares. This love for the snow is not a philosophical one. We know very well that it keeps the earth warm, and that it is charged with an enormous percentage of ammonia, that will return to us next summer in the shape of grass, and fruit, and flowers; but that has nothing to do with the feelings with which we regard it. Ours is a pure poetical weakness, one that has survived the lapse of time, with some other relics, and links us with the past in a chain of delightful association. We like a regular old-fashioned snow storm, more than one of which we have had the present winter. We love to see the fast flakes gathering at nightfall, when the wind is in the right quarter, and to hear the storm howl without, as we draw our chair and table to the cheerful fire, and read some wild legend, like Buchanan Read's "House by the Sea," whose stormy current has something akin to the wild warfare of the elements. And then to be wakened in the morning by the music of the sleigh bells, as the first team goes plunging through the drifts, tossing up playful showers of frozen spray that glitter like diamond dust in the early sunbeams. The strange transformations of familiar objects are not among the least of the marvels wrought by a regular New England snow storm. Gate-posts are changed to gigantic white warders, sheds into vast marble monuments, streets into quarries of Parian, and trees into sculptures of Carrara; even clothes lines become poetical under a weight of snow.

Of course it is very poor fun to be exposed to the fury of a snow storm, and rather dangerous at that. There is very little amusement in being boxed up in a stationary railroad train for four-and-twenty hours without a biscuit or a cup of tea to sustain life, and only such warmth as can be obtained by robbing adjacent rail fences. Such wintry pleasures have been enjoyed by hundreds of our fellow-citizens during the past season. But then what a glorious spectacle is presented by one of these same railroad trains in its career of victory over the fallen whiteness; when the snow plough, propelled by a powerful engine, dashes through the drifts, and scatters the white waves to the right and left, cutting a broad path for the cars that thunder along behind!

We say nothing of sleighing—nothing of the Boston Neck in the full tide of the winter carnival. Nothing more wildly exciting can be witnessed throughout the year. It comes in midwinter to enable us to mark with a white stone in our calendar the progress of a flowerless and fruitless epoch.

CALIFORNIA.

The auriferous deposits of the land of gold have not yet "gin cout," as we Yankees say. On the contrary, we have accounts of yields to the miners which would baffle belief were they not unaccompanied by positive proofs. With the millions of yellow dust pouring in on the Atlantic seaboard from the Pacific shore, we can no longer regard these "golden legends" as mythic. The great gold producing marvel of the day is Table Mountain, in Tuolumne county, which is now being pierced with tunnels, that will soon render it a honeycomb for miles. The mountain is also a perfect *soap* mine, so that the laborers can do their own washing while they are gathering their golden harvest. A mountain of soap and gold is indeed a wonder. Yet how many have failed or perished in their quest of gold. Very few, comparatively, have become rich by mining, and some of those had better have remained poor. The gold of California is but means to the end; it is building up with marvellous speed a gigantic empire on the Pacific.

◆

Honest Fillibusterism.—Mr A. J. Wright, for a long time a conductor on the Boston and Concord Railroad, has sailed for Valparaiso, South America, with his family, prepared, as agent of the Northern Stage Company, to establish a stage route of one hundred miles in length, supplied with Concord coaches and Yankee drivers The enterprise will unquestionably be successful, and we don't think the people of Chili will give Mr. Wright a chilly reception.

◆

A Touch of Cologne.—The English consul at Cologne was lately sentenced for illegally enlisting men for the foreign legion. The result of his appeal was a severer sentence, six months imprisonment instead of three, while his secretary, who had got off clear in the first place, on the second trial was condemned to three months imprisonment. Let well-enough alone.

◆

Thoughtful Kindness.—A noble lady of New York, Mrs. Gibbons, distributed three hundred dolls among the charity children on Randall's Island, on New Year's day. The scene of distribution is said to have been of a very interesting character.

◆

The Prize.—We expect to be able in our next issue to give the result of our prize offers, and publish the names of the recipients, at the same time awarding the valuable list of presents, which we have heretofore specified in our paper.

◆

A "Little more Grape."—There are two thousand acres of Catawba grape-vines in the vicinity of Cincinnati, more than three-fourths of which are in full bearing. The yield in wine of this area will be 700,000 gallons per annum.

◆

Low Fees.—A medical man in Germany seldom gets rich—the fee for an ordinary visit being rarely more than fifty cents. Incipient Sawbones had better not emigrate to Germany.

◆

Debutante.—Mrs. Lucy Escott, of Springfield, lately made a truly successful debut as Lucia, at the St. James, London.

◆

Births.—The whole number of births registered in Massachusetts, last year, was 31,997.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A California coroner's inquest, in a case of suicide, found the deceased was a fool.

The capital invested in American railroads is seven hundred millions of dollars.

There are 7000 souls in the various prisons, almshouses, etc., of New York city.

Another of McKay's ships, the "Mastiff," was lately launched at East Boston.

B. C. Clark's lecture on the "Sea and Sea Shore" was a fine performance.

"Fanny Fern," (late Mrs. Sarah Payson Eldredge) is now Mrs. James Parton.

During a late snow storm, New York was said to look like a bridal cake.

Peter Brown, who murdered his wife, in Boston, has become insane.

The steam frigate Merrimac will be ready for sea in about six weeks.

Nine men in New York were lately arrested on suspicion of meaning to capture Ireland.

The Cubans have protested against additional taxes on colonial produce.

If we don't pay the Danish sound dues, England will not.

The snow set in very early in the Crimea this season, with fierce weather.

Sleighs should never go faster than fifteen miles an hour in the streets.

The Boston Veterans have been asked by the Cincinnati Rover Guards to visit them.

Baron Anselm Mayer Rothschild, oldest of the brothers, lately died at Frankfort.

The merchants of New York lately gave Com. Perry a service of plate, worth $6000.

The number of new patents issued last year was about two thousand.

The American Institute have concluded not to buy the New York Crystal Palace.

Louis Napoleon wears a mustache, full in the middle, with waxed ends.

We hope Congress will give the veterans of 1812 all they ask, without more talk.

FAST HORSES.

Everybody knows Sam Slick's story of a horse that was so fast that the lightning chased him round and round a pasture, but couldn't catch him; and of another who went so fast that the milestones passed each other in such quick succession that the driver thought he was going through a graveyard. Mr. Gilman, in his recent lecture "on the Characteristics of Yankee Humor," matches the above with the following "good one:" "There was an enterprising horse-dealer, several summers ago, at Dedham, who used often to drive a showy animal down to the depot in a light wagon, and exercise him about there, just before the starting of the trains, with a view to a customer. The conductor of the road—who would chafe him a little occasionally about the quality of his beast—asked him one day, before ten or a dozen people, 'Now, Joe, do you really call that creetur o' yourn fast?' 'Fast!' said Joe, evidently nettled by the publicity of this disparagement; 'Fast!—well, I'll bet that he'll kerry yeou, or any man in *that* crowd, so fur in one day that *your money'll be uncurrent afore sundown!*'"

◆

A prolific Grain.—Mr. T. R. Thomas, of Illinois, in a statement prepared for the patent office, declares that Wyandot corn is probably the most prolific variety of that useful vegetable. But one grain should be planted in a hill, and from that single kernel will grow from three to eight heavy stalks, ten or twelve feet in height. Each stalk bears from two to four ears of a large and beautiful pearl white corn, the meal of which is equal in appearance to wheat flour. Thus a single grain will produce from eight to twenty ears.

◆

Singing by Book.—Old Uncle Eph. knew the whole hymn-book by heart, and always sung the words from memory; but he always required to have the book open in his hand, even when it was so dark he couldn't see, or else he was unable to sing a single "varse." Any book would do. If he couldn't find the hymn-book, he would take the Farmer's Almanac, and he could sing just as well out of that as any other.

◆

March of Improvement.—Six years ago not a steamboat plied on the rivers in Oregon, now there are eleven. Two run on the Columbia from Astoria, one from Port Vancouver, and one from Cascades to Portland—two to Oregon City. Three ply on the upper Willametta to Carrelles, and two between Cascade City and the Dalles.

◆

Peaches.—The Hartford Times says the ice on the peach trees acts as a burning-glass in the rays of the sun, and is likely to destroy the fruit buds. It is a little too early to mourn over the peach trees as "blighted blings." Can't we get up a good croak about something else?

◆

Despair.—A milkman recently hung himself to a lamp-post, in Brooklyn, N. Y., because a young lady had deserted him. A good Samaritan of an apothecary took him down, and he still lives, and has married the fair one.

◆

Chloroform.—This anæsthetic agent ought to be used with great caution, if at all. A recent fatal case has called attention to it. We believe sulphuric ether is considered comparatively safe.

◆

Not taken.—"Bell's Life in London" has decided that Sebastopol is not yet taken, and that bets pending on its fall must still remain unsettled. This will be sad news to the allied forces in the Crimea.

◆

Wolf! Wolf!—The people of Beehmantown, N. Y., lately turned out in mass, and killed five wolves. They were not in sheep's clothing, but were well lined with mutton.

◆

A Fortune.—Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, has paid into the treasury of Hamilton county $26,000—his tax for the present year.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Frank Milton's Angel," a story by Mary A. Lowell.
"We are passing away," verses by Frederick J. Keyes,
"Stingo Grout, Esquire," a tale by Mrs. H. C Gardner.
"Power," stanzas by George H Coomer.
"Mr. Daniel Dingdong," a sketch by Maurice Silingsby.
"Man's Faith," a poem by Mrs. Sophronia Currier
"An Unwelcome Passenger," a story by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Victor Emmanuel, the present king of Sardinia.

A series of Arabian Scenes, giving, first, a view of a party of Arab Emigrants; second, an Arab Plough; third, an Arabian Market Scene; fourth, an Arab fool, or crazy man; fifth, an Arab prophesying, and sixth an Arabian party in a tent, with ample letter press description.

A large and splendid picture of that renowned engagement of our last war with Great Britain, the Battle of Lake Erie, where the gallant Perry won immortal laurels of victory.

A fine picture descriptive of late popular equestrian performances at the National Theatre, Boston.

A large engraving, giving a view of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, during the present session.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of The Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Queen Victoria has sent a jewelled decoration to Miss Nightingale.

No franking privilege exists in England; even the queen has to pay her penny.

The Espana notifies that the "Black Warrior" indemnity is already paid to the United States.

The English government is purchasing large numbers of mules for the use of the army in the Crimea.

The Bodleian Library of the University of Oxford, contains upwards of four hundred thousand volumes.

The gross receipts of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (England), last year, was upwards of $600,000.

The oldest work in the Russian language is said to have been printed in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the Holy Gospels.

The American hotel (with a French name—the Hotel de Louvre) in Paris, is flourishing beyond all expectation. It accommodates 1000 persons.

The first steamer of the New York line, the Belgique, was formally blessed and baptized at Antwerp, on the 15th ult., by the Cardinal Archbishop d' Malines, and a crowd of clergy.

There are forty-three Young Men's Associations in England, comprising about 7000 members. Sweden and Denmark are the only Protestant countries in which they do not flourish.

An ingenious hatter of Paris has constructed a house of felt, made out of 24,000 old hats. It contains parlors, dining and bed-rooms, and kitchen, and can be transported from place to place, it being erected upon a platform.

Bowring, the English envoy to China, has made a report on the vital statistics of China, giving that empire a population of 400,000,000. Klang-su, the largest of the eighteen provinces, has a population of over 37,000,000.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The greatest truths are the simplest—so are the greatest men.

God hears the heart without words; but he never hears words without the heart.

When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

Though a man may by a rare possibility be an infidel, yet an intellect of the highest order must build upon Christianity.

A friend may be often found and lost, but an old friend can never be found; and nature has provided that he cannot be easily lost.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures; marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship.

An inviolable fidelity (in a wife), good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up the moaning hill of life, and stays to bless us with its presence through all life's weary way.

Every vice and folly has a train of secret and necessary punishment. If we are lazy, we must expect to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die prematurely.

One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked—that of bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants.

A fool, says an Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

Joker's Budget.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose—you can't tell what may turn up.

An honest man is the noblest work of God; but a woman is the prettiest.

A new Sign of Inebriety—A man trying to put his night-cap on with his boot-hooks.

What young ladies were present at the battle of Salamis? The Miss Tocles (Themistocles).

An Acute Angle—Any angle that enables you to cross a street so as not to run against a creditor.

"Ma," said a little boy, "will that woman go to heaven any sooner than you, because she has got a pew all to herself?"

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol*-era!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

The following laconic epitaph, carved on a Spanish tombstone, should be remembered: "I was well—tried to feel better—took physic, and here I am."

One of the very best looking girls in the Troy Seminary, is a red-headed girl from the State of Vermont. Out of compliment to her hair, they call her "the torch of love."

There is a dandy in Chicago of such nice tastes that he greases his boots with the oil of bergamot. He is first cousin to the youth who sleeps on a bed made of sponge cake.

It is said that in a certain zoological garden, when the eagle is suffering from indigestion, he is not allowed to walk about the grounds for fear of the magistrates taking notice of it as an *ill-eagle* proceeding.

A certain preacher having changed his religion, was much blamed by his friends for having deserted them. To excuse himself, he said he had seven reasons, and being asked what they were, replied, "a wife and six children."

Quill and Scissors.

A boy called at the house of the Rev. John Pierpont, West Medford, Mass., the other day, and begged some clothes. The worthy poet and divine gave him a vest, and, after he had gone, discovered that he had likewise given away a valuable gold watch, which was forgotten in the pocket of the vest. The boy was an honest one, and promptly returned the watch, on discovering it, to the owner.

A few nights since, a party of young men were serenading a young lady near Bardstown, Ky., when the fair lady threw some large apples out of a window, one of which striking a young gentleman in the mouth, knocked out three of his teeth. A general row ensued, and the party broke up, the wounded man protesting that "he aint a gwine to scranade that gal agin."

The Bible contains numerous epitaphs of the pious dead, written by divine hands. The writing on Abraham's tomb is, "He was the friend of God." On Enoch's, "He walked with God, and was not, for God took him." On David's, "A man according to God's own heart." And on John the Baptist's, "He was a burning and a shining light."

Rev. Dr. Baird, who has travelled extensively in Europe, and been in personal contact with all the crowned heads of Europe, says that, so far as his observation extends, there is no government—except that of the Pope, and perhaps that of Tuscany—which, if left to itself, would persecute or oppress in matters of religion.

John Ellwood, a graduate of the Kentucky Military Institute, has received the appointment of First Lieutenant in the Russian army, through the Russian minister at Washington. Mr. Ellwood is a native of Pennsylvania, and served with distinction in Harney's regiment through the Mexican War.

An old man was lately robbed on the steamer Empress, plying on the Mississippi River. The guilty parties were soon after arrested, and tried under the Judge Lynch code, with a display of much forensic eloquence, and the sentence of the jury was faithfully executed—one person receiving 150 lashes, another 50.

A Russian prince was recently assassinated in open daylight by some recruits from one of his villages, who afterwards attempted to fire his chateau. When, at nightfall, his family, anxious at his prolonged absence, sent in quest of him, his body was found seated in his carriage, with his head on the seat beside it.

In England, in the year 1851, five thousand widowers were married to spinsters; twenty-four hundred bachelors to as many widows, and twenty-seven hundred widows to widowers. In one case a widower of ninety was married to a gay old spinster of eighty. So much for ruptured ties.

There are in the United States 750 paper mills in actual operation, having 3000 engines, and producing in the year 250,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at ten cents per pound, $25,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper, 405,000,000 pounds of rags are required.

John M. Shrock, the defaulting treasurer of Holmes county, Ohio, ran away with $22,000 of the public money. He was pursued to Europe, captured, brought back, tried, convicted and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the State penitentiary.

During the past fourteen years the value of farm stock in Ireland has been increased from £22,000,000 to £35,000,000 sterling, and the number of horned cattle has risen from 2,000,000 to 3,250,000, while the quality has correspondingly improved.

A late London paper informs its readers that the "Nebraska territory of the United States is a tract of several millions of acres lately purchased by the Americans for the Mosquito King!"

Official returns show that the number of foreigners and provincials who visited Paris during the exhibition, amounted to 579,549 persons—410,945 French, and 168,604 foreigners.

Rev. Samuel Stocker, a well-known Methodist preacher at the West, has recently left the Methodist body, and signified his conversion to Catholicism.

A deer weighing 1000 pounds, found swimming in the river near City Point, Va., was caught a few days ago, and taken on board the steamer Augusta.

The South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church met lately at Marion. Upwards of $26,000 was raised during the past year for missionary purposes.

In Providence a death occurred the last year at the age of one hundred and eight, two at ninety-seven, and six at ninety and upwards.

Captain Bragg, of "a little more grape" celebrity, has resigned.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Adrian to Miss Catharine McLean.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Alden Plummer to Miss Mary Hoyt.

By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. George W. Colby to Miss Susan Y. Chase.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Oliver A. Peck to Miss Harriet A. Clark

By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. James A. Bean to Miss Caroline Leighton.

By Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. John R. Mullen to Miss Sarah Adelaide Norwood.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Dr. John B. Richards to Miss Ellen E. Washburn, both of Boston.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr Hoppin, Rev. Robert F. Chase, of Amesbury, to Miss Juliana L. Chase.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Rev. Thomas Womersley, of Boston, to Miss Mary F. Taggard.

At Lowell, Mr. George G. Cook, of Beverly, to Miss Sarah T. Burnham.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. J. A. J. Sawyer, of Amesbury, to Miss Adeline Locke

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. Geo. W. Estes to Miss Lucy S. Robbins.

At Bradford, Mr. Addison Brown, of New York, to Miss Mary C. Barrett.

At Springfield, by Rev. Dr Ide, Mr. Frederick A. Stockbridge to Miss Mary J. Stockwell.

At West Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Hawks, Mr. Ethan Brooks to Miss Hannah M. Bagg

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. Frederick S. Parker to Miss Cynthia E. Bourne.

Deaths.

In this city, Jacob Stearns, Esq., 82; Thomas J. Shelton, Esq., 54; Widow Elizabeth Sargent, 79; Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr George Hills, 77; Mrs. Sarah P. Gookin, 75; Mr. Charles B. Wells, 47; Miss Elizabeth Choate, of Deer Isle, Me., 23; Mr. Edward Mower, 31; Mrs. Sophia Capen, 47; Miss Bethiah Fitz, 88; Mrs. Lydia Carson, 90; Mrs. Mary Jennings, 31.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Eliza Ann Glidden, 52; Mr Matthew Ramsdell, 34.

At Dorchester, Mr. James H Tolman, 25.

At Somerville, Mrs. Eliza McEvers Page, 57; Mr. Chas. Bradbury, 88.

At Brighton, Mr. Joseph Everett, 59.

At Malden, Mr. Benjamin Brintall, 57.

At Seekonk, Benjamin Clifford, Esq., father of Attorney General Clifford, 84.

At Andover, Mrs. Clara M., wife of Moses Foster, Jr., Esq., 22.

At Lowell, Mr. William F. Long, 33.

At Salem, Mrs. Catharine Marvel, 59; Mr. William Gavett, 69.

At South Danvers, Mrs. Hannah K. Noyes, 59.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Dorothy D. Loring, 76; Mr. Albert Griffin, 42.

At Stoughton, Mr. James D. Swan, 64.

At Edgartown, Widow Deborah Cleveland, 78.

At Nantucket, Widow Mary Fisher, 75.

At South Windsor, Conn., Mr. Thomas Bissell, a revolutionary pensioner, 98.

At Middle Haddam, Conn., Mrs. Rebecca Bowers, 101.

At Dixmont, Me., Mr. Noah Administer, a soldier of the revolution, 93.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SONNET.

BY MISS C. A. PAYSON.

Enrobed was the earth in silvery white,
Which glowed all rosily at early dawn,
And in the glittering sheen of noontide born,
Sparkled with beams insufferably bright.
'Neath the soft radiance of the twilight star,
Ere twilight faded into evening gray,
Shining in paly loveliness it lay,
Girdling the brown earth with a pearly bar.
But when inwrapped in gloomy clouds came night,
Gone was the brightness from the tinted snow,
As from the heart doth pass a golden glow,
When disappointment casts its withering blight
Over the budding flowers, with beauty rife,
Which droop, alas, and never ope to life.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

"**Anne**, put away your work—do. It is getting so dark, you will spoil your eyes; the eyes which, you have told me more than once, you are keeping for me."

Anne Cameron lifted her head with a half sigh. She had not perceived the fast approaching gloom of the twilight. Sewing rapidly and mechanically, she had been almost unconscious of the motion of her own fingers, so habitual had it become. The warning of her young brother Edward roused her from the reverie which had stolen her away from all that surrounded her. Rising, she folded her work, and laid it in the willow basket on the round stand beside her.

"Dark?—so it is, Edward; and high time that I should get you some supper, instead of allowing you to study till this time. You have eyes, as well as I."

Edward sighed, too, as he shut his book, and put it away.

"I have not been studying this half hour, Anne; only holding my book, and forgetting, I suppose, that I did even that. I have been thinking—and watching your fingers fly. It is a great shame that they should be laboring for me, all these days, while I am idle."

His sister filled the tea-kettle, and hung it over the fire. Then, from a drawer in the sideboard, she took a clean table-cloth, and commenced getting supper.

"It is only six months, after all," she said, as she smoothed down the corners of the cloth; "only six months more; so you need give yourself no uneasiness, Edward. You think more of my labor than I do—a great deal. I do not work hard, and I like to sew. Besides, it is so great an encouragement for me to look forward to the future."

"Ay, when I am a man—a *rich* one, Anne!" said the boy, enthusiastically. "You shall have something more than you now possess within these four narrow walls. You shall not work then. You shall have everything that you can wish for. When I am older, and have made a fortune, *then!*"

"Take care, Alnaschar!" smiled Anne, lightly. "You have not even your supply of glass ware complete, yet. Wait till you have ensured your triumph."

The boy grew grave.

"No; I have not the least idea where I shall find a situation, to start with. But of course there are plenty in the city, for a boy who has a good education, which I have gained—thanks to you, Anne. I have no fears on that head. And after I have gained the first round of the ladder, you shall see that I will make short work of reaching the top. You shall have the first fruits of my labor. You shall be rich—happy—independent. And yet, even now—"

"Even now I am all that you would say? Yes, I am happy and independent—and rich in being so. It does not need gold, Edward, after all; for what more could we have than now? Enough to eat, and wear, and a shelter for our heads; we have it all, have we not?"

Edward's fine hazel eyes wore a glance of thought.

"Yes, certainly, we have all that, Anne; but it is won with continual toil, unceasing struggles, on your part. What I want is to reach the time when we can both enjoy a competency—perhaps, even, superfluity—and know that it is not a question then, as now, concerning the ways and means of gaining the morrow's bread, of keeping the wolf from the door from day to day, and incapable of doing more. To know that we have enough and to spare; that our old age may be provided for against the grip of poverty; for we have shaken hands with it long enough, haven't we, Anne?"

She had set the table, and was standing with folded arms before the hearth, now; her clear eyes downcast, and beaming softly beneath their dark lashes in the leaping fire-light. Her tranquil countenance wore an expression more serious than usual.

"Yes, we have been poor a great while, Edward; but I do not think we need such *great* riches to render us content, do you? Not," she hastened to add, "not that I do not thank you sincerely for your generous anxiety to acquire riches for my sake; but when I spoke of your future, I was not thinking so much of wealth, as—"

"Well, Anne?

She turned her kind and loving eyes to his face.

"Of your becoming a good, and noble, and honored man, Edward; of your gaining the respect, and confidence, and esteem of your fellowmen; of your being the pride, as now you are the hope, of my heart."

"You are right," he returned, gravely, and with some emotion; "you are right; for you are better than I. You have higher, more worthy, purer aims. Be my teacher, Anne!" And his voice softened. "Show me my way! Teach me that wealth and station must not be made my idols."

He took her hand, and pressed it with reverent affection to his lips.

"Nay, Edward, you do not need me, I trust, to teach you. Your own heart, your own conscience, they should teach you; they are your best monitors; listen to them. They will be a safeguard more secure than I can be; for their voices will speak to you at all times. You will not have them, like me, always with you."

There was a little silence. Then the brother and sister sat down to partake of their evening repast.

Alone; for they had only each other now. Seven years had passed since they had been left to strive and struggle for themselves, orphans, and in poverty; seven years since the last of those other familiar faces had vanished from their accustomed places at the board; seven years—and all that time Anne Cameron had toiled with woman's patience, and woman's courage, day by day, to keep the humble home that was yet left them, and to gain for her young brother the means of such an education as should prove a sure foundation for his future course through life.

Sorely against his will; for he would have preferred to work his fingers to the bone, rather than that she should labor. But she, with gentle resolution, had made him go on with his studies, promising, to hush his scruples, that one day he should repay her.

Not in gold she would have met that recompense, but in his affection, and in seeing him such a man as his father had been; in his future prosperity, and the consciousness that she had done her duty by him. But Edward Cameron was fettered. He never could reach the noble height, whither his views pointed. A lower, grosser aim was his, and he knew it—his guide, Ambition, and his object, Gold.

"Mr. Saville — wanted. Business. Applicant, sir—situation," and the gray-headed clerk glided back to his desk, perched himself on the high stool before it, took the pen from behind his ear, and wrote on.

Mr. Saville rose immediately from his chair, and laid aside the morning paper, with which he had been engaged. Walking forward to the front of the counting-room, he discovered the visitor. A boy, handsome, bright, frank looking, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, standing, cap in hand, beside the chair which had been placed for him. Mr. Saville's clear, dark, penetrating eye took his portrait in an instant. With a kind "good morning," he requested the young man to be seated; then drew a chair forward for himself, and awaited his errand. It was announced with some little hesitation; for the boy was making his first trial in life.

"I hear, sir, that you are in want of a clerk."

Mr. Saville paused an instant before making any answer. He liked the promise in that face; but he was in doubt as to what he should say.

"We are," he returned, at length; "but I believe we have one engaged. My partner told me this morning that he had one in view, and should give him an answer in the course of two or three hours. Did you wish for the situation?"

A look of disappointment dwelt in the boy's eyes at the answer he had received; he hardly heard the concluding question. He was silent an instant; then recollecting himself, he returned, hastily:

"Yes—yes, sir. Excuse me, I did not mind what you said, at first. I *did* wish for it. I am sorry—"

He paused, with the disappointment growing more visible every instant. Mr. Saville pitied and felt interested in him.

"I am not sure that the applicant is actually engaged," he said. "There is a possibility that Mr. Willis may not have been satisfied with him, and in that case, I should like to make arrangements with you, if I could. May I ask your name?"

"Edward Cameron, sir."

"Cameron?" Mr. Saville reflected an instant, and then looked up again. "A relative of Robert Cameron, who died some six or seven years since, in this city?"

"His son, sir," answered Edward.

Mr. Saville's fine face lighted up with pleasure.

"Indeed! I knew your father, then. I am glad to see his son;" and he gave Edward his hand. "I was not aware," he continued, "that Mr. Cameron left one—or, indeed, that he had any family. I was told that he had three children, but that all died in their infancy."

"It was true," rejoined Edward; "my three brothers died; my sister and myself are all that remain."

"You have a sister, then?"

"One—yes, sir—Anne."

"Younger than yourself?"

"No, sir. Anne is my elder by five years; she is twenty-one."

Mr. Saville meditated again. He knew that Robert Cameron had died insolvent. He saw, without apparently noticing it, the contending poverty and neatness of Edward's attire. It was plain that aid was needed here. He resolved to save him; but it was necessary first to learn something further concerning him.

"Edward," he said, "you must have been a mere child at the time of your father's death; not more than eight or nine years of age?"

"Nine, sir."

"Have you resided in the city since that time?"

"No, sir; in W——."

"Ah! You have attended school there, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; constantly."

Mr. Saville rose and paced the floor in silence, with bowed head and folded arms. Two or three moments passed. Finally he came and resumed his seat.

"Edward, I wish I knew whether the place for which you have applied is filled, but it is impossible for me to tell yet. My partner, Mr. Willis, will not be in probably until afternoon. Were you going directly out of town?"

Edward answered in the affirmative.

"In that case, it would be well, perhaps, for you to leave your address with me; and either this evening, or to-morrow morning, you shall know something more concerning the matter."

Edward gave him the required address. Mr. Saville glanced at it, and placed it in his pocket-book, saying: "Your application brings back old times, my dear boy. Twelve years ago this very day, your father procured for me a situation in a mercantile house, in which I afterwards became a partner. He would have taken me himself; but his establishment was complete; so he used his interest for me, and got me into business. He was a kind friend, Edward, and a firm one; and one to be relied on. To him I attribute my success in life. I trust I may be enabled to repay the obligations he conferred upon me to his children. I am glad you have come to me; I am glad to meet Robert Cameron's son!'

He clasped Edward's hand warmly; he spoke truly; he had never forgotten his early friend; never ceased to be grateful to him. It had ever been a matter of regret to him that he had not possessed, when his old friend was on the eve of ruin, the means of assisting him; but then he had only his yearly salary as clerk, and an aged and widowed mother was dependent on him. Now, however, that he had discovered these children, he resolved not to lose sight of them.

Edward lost no time in hastening home to tell Anne the news; to talk of Mr. Saville, relate the circumstances of his visit in detail; and then, in reference to the state of his own prospects, indulge in the most sanguine anticipations one moment, and yield to despondency the next, as he calculated his chances of gaining a situation. The one great subject of discussion was his morning's want of success, the next, the strangeness of his encounter with Mr. Saville.

"I think," said Anne, "I have heard my father mention a Richard Saville on one or two occasions; but in what connection, I have not the slightest remembrance. This must be the same one, I should think. Do you know whether Mr. Saville is named Richard?"

"He must be the one," returned Edward, "if that is the name; for I remember reading it—Richard W. Saville—on a torn envelope that lay on the floor."

"You should see Mr. Saville, Anne," he resumed, after a moment's pause. "He is so kind, and has such a noble appearance, with a lofty, intellectual countenance, a clear and penetrating glance; and such beautiful eyes! And then his smile, Anne—I never saw anything so sweet; and sweeter, perhaps, because it is so rare. I never saw a man who pleased me more. I should like to get that situation in his establishment—better than in any other, I think."

"I hope you will get it, Edward, if you desire it so earnestly; especially, as you like him so well; for confidence and affection can never too closely unite a young man to his employer. But if you are unable to enter there, you may find another place equally as good; and wherever you go you will, I know, be faithful to the interests of your master; learn to like him, and teach him, by your zeal and integrity, to like you in return."

In conversation on this subject, the afternoon passed rapidly away. Edward became agitated and impatient as evening drew near; for then, or in the morning, at latest, he was to receive tidings from Mr. Saville. He hardly touched his supper. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea, he seated himself at the window to watch for the footman. But "the twilight died into the dark," and no letter came.

Anne had cleared away the table, and now proceeded to light the lamps, and resume the sewing which occupied her as usual. "Come, Edward," she said, anxious to divert her brother's attention from dwelling so closely on the expected arrival of the letter, "sit up here, by me, and read a little while. You have not opened this magazine, which our good neighbor, Mrs. Willoughby, sent in to you by Harry. I anticipate quite a treat from its pages."

"Ah—well—I suppose it is best," he said, rising, and drawing down the curtain; "for I see no prospect of a letter to-night."

Seating himself by the table, he opened the magazine, and selecting an article, commenced reading aloud, while Anne listened. Soon, as he entered into the spirit of his subject, he forgot letters, business, situations, triumphs, disappointments, and even poverty itself; and so did Anne. In the midst of the reading, there came a knock at the door, and Edward, hastening to open it, with the expectation of finding the postman with a letter, found instead—Mr. Saville.

Surprised and overjoyed at seeing him, and fluttering with hope, Edward ushered him in, and presented him to Anne, over whose sweet, serious countenance a trace of astonishment also flitted faintly, as she rose to welcome him. He had come to tell Edward about the situation for which he had applied, and Edward was immeasurably disappointed on learning that it had been filled that morning by another. Mr. Saville himself was not less so; for he had so earnestly trusted that Mr. Willis would announce it on his return as still vacant.

"I have regretted a thousand times," he said, "that you were not twenty-four hours earlier; for then there would not have been a question of your success. I need not tell you, if it had been in my power, I should have entered you immediately. As it is, I have secured a similar situation for you in the house of Burton, Martin & Co., if you choose to accept it."

Edward thanked him warmly for his kindness. From despondency, he was suddenly raised to cheerfulness by this sudden and unexpected announcement. He expressed his gratitude with sparkling eyes.

"But you have taken a great deal of trouble for my sake, sir," said he. "I could not have expected this of you. I cannot tell you how grateful I am—"

"Your gratitude is unwarranted by so simple an act," returned Mr. Saville, gently, interrupting him; "for you would, in all probability, have gained the place if I had not recommended you. All you have to do now is to call on these gentlemen to-morrow, and give them your decision. Your desk is ready for you there whenever you choose to take possession of it."

The matter was settled; and now Mr. Saville, dismissing business affairs from his mind, proceeded to carry out the purpose for which, in reality, he had chiefly come out from the city this evening, viz., that of forming a closer acquaintance with Edward, and making some progress in that of Anne. With the disposition he possessed towards both, this was a thing of little difficulty. Already his heart warmed towards these two lovely orphans; and to them, in their poverty and seclusion, the most distant friendship was dear. How gratefully and earnestly reciprocated, then, must be this friendship, which sought them with such disinterested kindness? A happy evening went by in that poor little dwelling; and at its close, when Mr. Saville arose to take his departure, Edward and Anne had lighter and more joyous hearts, surer hopes for the future, than they had known these many days. The old eight-day clock in the corner struck ten as he took up his hat.

"See," he said, smiling, "how you have made me forget time! You must watch the clock for me the next time I come. I have full fifteen minutes, however, in which to reach the omnibus office; haven't I, Edward?"

"Fully that, sir; and you will be in good season, then."

"That is well. Come in early to-morrow, Edward. Good night, now. Good night, Miss Cameron."

He clasped warmly a hand of each, and was gone.

"Anne," said Edward, "I am not quite sure that this is not all a dream. I can scarcely believe in the existence of such good fortune—or the possession of such a friend as Mr. Saville."

He little knew how soon he was to realize the worth of that friend.

"I like him, sir. He is steady, industrious and faithful; punctual to the second, and has a head for business that will make his fortune in something less than no time, Mr. Saville! I acknowledge my indebtedness to you, sir, for recommending him to me. I would venture to say that I am at this moment some thousands of dollars richer than I should be if another filled his place."

Mr. Saville's countenance expressed the pleasure he felt. "I am glad—sincerely glad," he returned, "to hear this; both for his sake and yours. Your assurance affords me the deepest gratification, for I have an earnest interest in his welfare. I had confidence in him when I referred him to you for a situation, and I felt that it would not be misplaced; but I hardly hoped to receive such an opinion as this of yours in so short a time."

"You shall hear something better still of the boy before three years are gone. Edward has been with me exactly eighteen months now. In as many more, you shall hear from him again." And bidding Mr. Saville good morning, Mr. Burton went his way.

Cheering news was all this. Mr. Saville told it to Anne that evening, when he went out, as he frequently did now, to see the brother and sister, after business hours; and her very heart was gladdened by it. That her brother filled his place, and that he gave full satisfaction to his employers, was evident from the increase made in his salary the second year; but for such accounts of him as this, from the lips of Mr. Burton himself, she was totally unprepared; and Mr. Saville and she talked of it together with full hearts. They can praise him as much as they like now, for he has gone on an errand this evening, a mile away from home, and will not be back for an hour.

There has been a decided change in the circumstances of Edward and his sister since we saw them last. True, they dwell in the little white cottage still; for they love it as well as in the days of old, and it is fully as large and as good as it was when they were so poor. But you would scarcely know it for the same by its interior. Edward has had it prettily and tastefully furnished throughout; and the cheerful parlor, to which we introduce the reader to-night, is a picture of simple elegance, as well as of neatness and home comfort.

To-night, Anne sits on a lounge near the glowing grate, knitting some woolen socks for Edward, and talking the while with Mr. Saville, who occupies a seat close by, and follows, with attentive glance, the progress of her busy fingers. She, too, is somewhat altered from her old self; but the change is slight. She was always beautiful, with her fine and delicate features and clear complexion; with her fair, open brow, and her clear, hazel eyes, so quiet and thoughtful in their expression; but to-night, one sees the quiet face has a fuller oval; there is a faint, wavering tinge of vermilion in her soft cheek, and the dark eyes have a lingering smile in them. Her dress, of plain, gray cashmere, with its fine linen collar, and knot of pink ribbon, is very becoming, too; and altogether, if she was beautiful of old, she is lovelier now. She looks younger; therefore, Mr. Saville declares she is but eighteen. Of course, Mr. Saville is an impartial judge; and hence we must believe him.

In the midst of their conversation, Edward returned. In his appearance a change is visible, too. Eighteen months have considerably improved his *physique;* the slender, boyish figure is rapidly developing in grace, symmetry and power, to the fuller lineaments of approaching manhood. His fine face is slightly flushed with his long and rapid walk in the keen and frosty air. As he sits down by the fire to talk with Anne and his benefactor, you see that time has been at work; his features are fast losing the softness and indecision of boyhood—becoming gradually stamped with the characters of coming years. Edward still retains his old dreams of wealth and station; he looks forward to these things as earnestly as of old; he is working hard for them; and Anne is sorely troubled, sometimes, by his ambitious ardor. But he is young yet; it is, perhaps, natural he should set store on these things. When he is older, she thinks, and has seen more of life, and of the world, he may attach less value to them. And so she lets him dream on, and strive on; only seeing that heart and character are right; guarding him and his welfare with her sisterly affection; guiding him, as he needs it, by her earnest, womanly and judicious counsels, leaving time to do the rest.

Now we will take a short flight with the old hour-glass man, and look in on them again—having stopped now by the way merely to note certain changes, that we may be able to recognize our characters hereafter.

We touch upon that period said to compose a part of the life of every man and woman living. It commenced with Edward Cameron during the school days of Caroline Burton, who came once in a while to the store, after school was dismissed, to see her father. Sometimes it was with an errand for her mother, sometimes without any errand at all, but because "she wanted to walk home with father to dinner."

Often lingering a moment or two, to look at this thing and that, to run over the columns of the Transcript, or warm her feet at the counting-room stove; and seldom going away without a smile, and a graceful inclination of her proud head to blushing Edward Cameron, to whom she had quietly and skilfully taught the lesson of love at first sight. By-and-by a few words were exchanged on such occasions, timid and unpresuming enough on his part; for he was a poor boy, and she, his master's daughter; sweet, affable and gracious on hers, for she would encourage her bashful lover. Caroline Burton was seventeen, and had her share of woman's tact; but she was not coquetting with him—far from it. She had been struck with his beauty and grace of manner; and listening to her father's praises of the young man's business talents, and predictions of his success in life, looked forward to her own future.

The year that beheld her emancipation from school, saw also Edward Cameron entering into business for himself, with the brightest prospect of success. Mr. Burton, with the most unbounded admiration for Edward's energies and capabilities, bestowed freely upon him, first, ample means for beginning a business career of his own, and—well, we will pause a moment.

The change in the respected positions of Edward Cameron and Caroline Burton did not cause them to lose sight of each other. Edward occasionally called at the office of Mr. Saville; and one afternoon it was, with something suspiciously like a blush, and an attempted nonchalance of manner and tone: "Mr. Saville, if you are going out home this evening, will you tell Anne not to expect me so early as usual? I shall probably take tea at the house of Mr. Burton."

"Very well, Edward, I will deliver your message," Mr. Saville would quietly answer.

Then he would take his way out of town, and spend the evening by Anne's pleasant fireside; Edward returning at ten, in season to reach home at the time of Mr. Saville's usual leave-taking.

Again it was: "Mr. Saville, will you tell Anne this evening, that Mr. Burton wishes me to attend the —— Lecture with his family?—and so she need not keep the table waiting."

Finally, these engagements with Mr. Burton became so frequent as to put into Anne's ideas some notion of the existing state of affairs; and an adroit question which she put to Mr. Saville, discovered to her that she was not alone in her surmises. She had never heard of Mr. Burton's having daughters—especially one of eighteen, beautiful, accomplished, and a belle. Now, however, it was sufficiently plain about Edward's frequent engagements in that quarter.

At length, Edward, at the expiration of six months after entering into business for himself, announced to Anne his engagement to the daughter of Mr. Burton. He had anticipated the betrayal of considerable astonishment; but, to his relief, she received the news very quietly.

"How soon are you to be married, Edward?" she asked; "or have you not yet settled that point?"

"It is already decided. We are to be married in three months."

"So soon? I should think—that is, would it not be advisable to wait until you can depend upon your business more fully, to support an establishment such as that which Mr. Burton's daughter will no doubt require?"

"It is scarcely necessary to wait, Anne. Indeed, Mr. Burton himself thinks so. My affairs are prospering finely. I could not wish to do better than I am doing at present, or to have better prospects."

"Shall you go directly to housekeeping?"

"Yes. Mr. Burton himself gives us our house, and furnishes it. And now let us throw aside all this debating on ways and means, and tell me, Anne, that you congratulate me on my happiness, and desire all sorts of blessings to fall on my fortunate head!"

"I do sincerely congratulate you, Edward!—for your happiness is very dear to me. I pray that every blessing may be yours."

"A thousand thanks, my pretty Anne! But now tell me—for I assure you, I am not at all flattered by your willingness to let me get married,—don't you feel the least bit sorry about it? Frankly, now."

She looked serious. "Of course, Edward, I shall experience some pain in the thought of our separation; but if it is for your happiness, I shall become reconciled to your loss."

"Nay; but you will not lose me, Anne. You will come and live with us, as soon as we get settled; and then we shall be as happy as ever." Anne shook her head. "Nonsense, you wilful Anne Cameron!" and he pulled her ear. "You *will* come! Wife or no wife, I can't do without you."

"You will learn to, sir. There is no question whatever on that score. But I will give you the liberty to come and see me whenever you please."

"Thou most indulgent—thanks! But, without acknowledging my point relinquished, let me tell you something else: I want to bring Miss Burton—Caroline—to see you. May I some afternoon?"

"Whenever she likes to come, I shall be happy to see her."

"Next Thursday shall it be, Anne?"

"Any day you please."

"Next Thursday it shall be, then."

Anne looked up with an air of amusement.

"How coolly you dispose of Miss Burton's time! How do you know that the young lady is not engaged for the day you name?" she asked.

"Simply because I examined her list of the week's engagements this evening. She has promised to place that day at my disposal; so to-morrow I shall speak to her about coming out here."

This conversation occurred on Monday evening. The following afternoon, Mr. Saville came out at half-past three.

"Anne," he said, "I have come to spend the afternoon with you."

She smiled. "You have? Thank you! Sit down."

He took a seat beside her, on her favorite ottoman. "And to tease you to go and see 'Richelieu' with me this evening. Will you go?"

"With pleasure."

"And now talk to me, Anne—or read; something or other, for I have the headache."

"I am sorry for you," she said, gently. "Take this large chair. Lean back and rest your head—so. Keep very still. And now," with quiet playfulness, "at the risk of your calling me an old woman, I am going to make you a cup of tea."

"Anne, you are not an old woman; you are the dearest little girl in the world. Only exceedingly wilful; and that is why I let you have your own way now. Away with you, and make haste back!"

She vanished, with a smile. The kitchen fire was burning briskly, and boiling water was at hand. In something less than fifteen minutes, Anne was at Mr. Saville's side again, with cup and saucer.

"Drink, now," she said, giving it to him. "I allow you precisely five minutes—neither more nor less—in which to dispose of it."

"Little witch! you've made it strong enough for—"

"The cure of your headache. Drink! and when that is gone, you shall have more."

He obeyed. A second cup, stronger than the first, followed. And then she sat down finally, with a book, and commenced reading to him. The atmosphere about him was of golden quiet. Anne had drawn the blind partly down to soften the bright afternoon light. Her voice, low and sweet, had a dreamy, soothing influence, as she read. The nervous, racking pain in his head, induced by severe exertion, both bodily and mental, for the last week, yielded gradually to a delicious sense of rest. Before an hour had elapsed, his headache was entirely dissipated. He made her put the book away, then, and talk with him.

She told him of Edward's approaching marriage. He looked thoughtful—reflective—even somewhat grave, Anne thought, but said little on the subject, merely inquiring if she had seen Miss Burton. Her reply in the negative elicited no further remark, and a different topic was introduced. That evening they went together to the theatre.

"I wonder," said Anne, as they entered the vestibule, "if Edward will not be here to-night with Miss Burton?" For he had remained in town, instead of coming out home.

"Possibly," returned her companion; "but what made you think of it?"

At that moment, a small group of ladies and gentlemen coming slowly by them, attracted the attention of Anne. Two very beautiful young girls were in advance of the others. One of them, the taller, possessed the most grace and elegance of figure and carriage, and the most fascinating countenance Anne had ever beheld; and the whole was veiled with a haughty, majestic air, worthy of the pride of which it was born.

In the second, the more *petite* and pretty of the pair, Anne immediately recognized a former playmate of hers—one with whom she had constantly associated, in childhood, when they resided in the city, and her father, Robert Cameron, was a man of wealth and note. Ellen Acheson evidently recognized her, also; for, regarding Anne a moment as she passed, she turned quickly to her companion, and whispered some hasty words, in which Anne distinctly heard Edward's name and her own.

Instantly, the lofty beauty turned, casting her magnificent eyes upon our heroine with a cold, brief glance, and, giving haughty utterance to some scornful remark concerning "poor relations," the substance of which was sufficiently audible to the ear of its object, was turning away; but at that moment the stern regard of Mr. Saville arrested her, with the words dying on her lips, and the crimson blushes covering her face, she stood quite still—thunderstruck—astonished—mortified. For one instant, with a clear, cold, searching glance, he held her eyes, faltering and ashamed, fixed on his, telling her that he had heard her heartless words.

"Good evening, Miss Burton!" he said, in a voice of icy severity, accompanied by a freezing inclination of the head; then drawing the hand of his companion more closely within his arm, he moved on.

Anne's face was very pale as he glanced downward at it. He pressed her hand tenderly in his own. "Dear Anne," he whispered, "she is unworthy even of your contempt!"

And she crushed down the stinging sense of pain that throbbed in her breast. She felt that he spoke the truth.

What a meeting, the *first*, between two destined so soon to be related! Caroline Burton's pride had received a most humiliating fall. She had been introduced to Mr. Saville, by her father, but a few weeks since, and flattered herself that she was able to gain his admiration, as securely, if not, perhaps, quite as easily, as that of the score of others who had been the objects of her skilful and finished coquetry. He had met her only once, and then by chance, during the interval; and to meet with this downfall, the third time of seeing him, was too degrading. If she had known, however, the contemptuous opinion he had always entertained of her, she would have been less confident all along.

In the surprise and pain of this disagreeable rencontre, Anne had forgotten to notice whether Edward formed one of the Burton party. A moment's reflection, afterwards, convinced her that this could not be the case; for had he been, he would of course have seen Mr. Saville and herself; and the probability was, that Miss Burton would not have dared to speak with the insolent freedom she had used.

During the second act of the play, however, she saw him enter their box, and seat himself beside Miss Burton. Desiring, if possible, to avoid attracting his attention, Anne immediately averted her face, and endeavored to give herself wholly to the proceedings on the stage. Fortunately, he failed to notice her.

The enjoyment of Mr. Saville and herself was somewhat damped by the disagreeable scene which had occurred; but the interest of the play was not entirely dissipated in consequence; and Mr. Saville's fine eyes beamed with pleasure, as ever and anon he marked, in Anne's earnest and expressive countenance, her heartfelt sympathy with and admiration of the beautiful and heroic Julia.

At the close of the performance, they hastened out of town, arriving there a full hour before the return of Edward. He was much surprised to learn that Mr. Saville and Anne had been so near him all the evening; and equally so that they had not made him aware of the fact; but Anne made some satisfactory answer, shrinking from explaining to him the real cause. He remained ignorant of the unpleasant circumstance that had taken place this evening, therefore; and affairs relative to his engagement with Miss Burton progressed to their consummation.

The next morning—we may as well mention here—he took occasion to say to Anne, that he had spoken to Miss Burton about the visit on Thursday; but she regretted much her dressmaker had set that particular day for the transaction of some affairs with her concerning the quantities of sewing to be done in preparation for her wedding; so she was obliged reluctantly to postpone the proposed visit. The gently-worded excuse was all-sufficient for Edward; but Anne heard it with feelings in exact contrast to his. She understood its meaning; Miss Burton had no desire to visit her lover's "poor relation!" The excuse was feigned.

The three months passed rapidly away. Miss Burton took care to avoid a repetition of the invitation so little to be desired—especially since *that* affair!—which she was relieved to find never had been disclosed to Edward. She wished to shun another meeting with her before her marriage, and yet awake no suspicions in the mind of Edward. *Afterward,* she cared hardly at what price she kept clear of her. At the same time she went to pass a few weeks, previous to her bridal, with some friends residing at a distance, and thus decreased still further the chance of forming this dreaded acquaintance.

Edward again brought up the subject of his sister's residing with him after his marriage. He was somewhat discomposed by her gentle but steady refusal to accede to this plan.

"Then, Anne," he said, "I shall settle an income upon you, from my property, sufficient to enable you to take what course you please."

She would not even consent to that; she would live in this little home, where she had lived since her father's death, and recommence her old mode of earning a subsistence. She preferred it to dependence upon her brother's means.

Edward was by turns sorrowful and angry. What was his wealth to him, if she was in poverty? Should he ever take any comfort, while living in the midst of luxury and affluence, and knowing that his sister, who had toiled so many years to make him what he was, was drudging for her daily bread? No! The memory of those days nerved him; he delared that he would not rest until she consented to one or the other of his plans. He appealed to Mr. Saville, and the latter answered, that although Anne had an undoubted right to adopt either of those plans, he applauded the resolution she had taken. The brother had no power to alter the face of things. And here his unhappiness began—the realization of the truth of Anne's old warning, that wealth might prove a source of trouble, instead of comfort. He never dreamed how much more deep and bitter was that realization to become ere long.

The marriage was solemnized at church, one Tuesday morning, at ten. Mr. Saville and Anne came into town to witness the ceremony, and returned home as soon as it was over. She tried bravely to be cheerful; but the tears would come. She had lost her brother—she felt it; and had gained—no sister. That might have been a partial recompense—the possession of a sister's love; but *she was Edward's wife*—that was all. Mr. Saville said little concerning this marriage; but he felt the more deeply. It was a subject he disliked to discuss; for he was convinced that the union was by no means the most judicious which the young man could have formed. He foresaw much unhappiness arising from it.

It had been consummated, however; and the young couple commenced housekeeping immediately, in a style of which Cameron's fashionable friends quite approved. They declared her *menage* perfect, and her husband the most charming man! and she secretly congratulated herself on having secured him. Nobody ever made any inquiries about the quiet sister, who lived in comparative obscurity, out of town. Such inquiries would have been exceedingly troublesome; and Mrs. Cameron was secretly glad that her name was never mentioned; for she still retained her old horror of "poor relations;" and *more* than that, now she wished to shun her for the recollection of that scene in which her own pride and arrogance had been so wounded and humbled by Mr. Saville.

She never spoke to Mr. Saville now when they met—indeed, she would scarcely have been able, for he never gave her the opportunity. But she flattered her self-love and desire of retaliation, by imagining that the slight was entirely on her part. She had first wondered, and then been angry, at seeing him in company with "that girl;" and next, vowed undying animosity towards him, for "putting her down," as she expressed it, so completely in her presence. "What a triumph it must have been to her!" soliloquized the angry beauty. "And then to take her part against *me!* What right had he to do it? What is he to her?" Mrs. Cameron had not the remotest idea, either of what he was to Anne, or what he was to be. Had she possessed the knowledge, her wrath would have increased a thousand fold.

Meanwhile, Anne continued to reside in the quiet home where she had dwelt before her brother's marriage. She was resolute in her design of earning her own subsistence henceforth; she would not receive a dollar from Edward. Certainly it was her right to accept the settlement he wished to make, for he was her brother; but she put aside all question of right; her very soul rose up against the idea of being dependent on Caroline Cameron's husband for the slightest favor. She carried out her design, and felt a satisfaction unspeakable in knowing that if she had but a crust, it was the bread of liberty; that she was indebted for it to her own hand—not to the bounty of others.

Mr. Saville, sitting by her side, in his frequent visits, and watching her busy fingers, in their untiring industry, often grew (or pretended to) impatient.

"Anne," he would say, perhaps, "what an indefatigable little worker you are! You keep that needle going so steadily, so unceasingly, that it really seems to me, sometimes, as if I must take breath for it. The poor thing is tired. Be merciful, and give it a respite from labor!"

"I can't," said she, laughingly, as he attempted to draw it from her hands. "It is all that keeps my needle bright, the exercise I give it. Besides—"

"Excuse me, Anne; I don't want to hear that additional plea. You have been working all day. You are tired."

"I am not tired. I hardly know my hand is moving. The motion is merely mechanical. I listen to you, and never should suspect my needle of working, if you did not make me think of it," she said.

"Well, then, you will spoil your eyes by sewing so constantly. Such unremitting toil is injurious. I must have a voice in the matter."

He removed the sewing gently from her hands, and put it in her work-basket.

"I see, Anne, since Edward went way, you are very independent in matters of this kind; and, as I find now, very wilful, also. What do you mean to do when you are an old woman? Work in this way?"

"Yes, sir, if I live to be an old woman."

"I think it very likely you will, if you take care of yourself now. But consider that you will be unable to sew then, even with spectacles (think, Anne, of your wearing spectacles!) if you are not more attentive to the care of your sight, while you are young. Will you promise me not to sew in the evenings?"

"I should read; that would be quite as bad."

"Will you promise me not to sew?"

"No, sir."

"You wilful little thing!"

He said it half playfully, half sadly; and, with his head resting on his hand, sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. Presently he lifted up his head.

"Anne, your father was a Scot. Were you ever in his country?"

"When I was a child, I spent three years there with my mother. Edward was born there."

"Did you like Scotland?"

"Yes; but I grew homesick, after a time. My mother tried to make me like it, so as to stay longer; but she failed. We came back, and I cried for joy."

"You would not make it your home, then?"

"No."

"Not even for three years more?"

She shook her head. "I should like it less now than then, when history and romance threw around it, for a time, such a charm as made me forget my own home. But nothing could ever hold me there. Home is home; and Scotland, though it was my father's and mother's, was not mine."

"And now do you not think you should be able to content yourself there for a while—perhaps a year, or two, or it may be even, three, or four, or five?"

With a dreamy look in her eyes, she shook her head again, slowly. "No—no—no."

He did not pursue the subject. Anne, carried back to her former life there, and occupied with reminiscences of it, did not think of asking him the reason of his interest in the subject.

The next time he came, there was something in the expression of his countenance that struck her with a feeling of apprehension. Apprehension of—she scarcely knew what. Nothing pleasant, however; for his usual calmness, both of countenance and demeanor, was something else than calmness now; and Anne soon knew why. He was about to go to Scotland, on business which would detain him there for an indefinite period of time.

"Do you remember," he said, "our conversation on the subject of a residence there, the last time I came? I was afraid, then, that I should be obliged to make this journey. I tried to coax a favorable opinion of the place out of you, to cheer me with the hope that I might make my exile sweeter! Anne, tell me, could you not say something pleasanter about Scotland for my sake? For the sake of making me happy?"

He held her hands clasped in his own—his glance reading hers with the intent earnestness of suspense. A thrill ran through her from head to foot; a flash of emotion, that came, and was gone; and the throbbing heart beat quietly again. Light had opened to her—how sweet! But she turned from it; it was too late now.

"I told you," she said. "You asked me, and I answered."

With a pale cheek, and calm and gentle utterance, she spoke. A shadow of pain passed over his brow.

"Anne, I may be gone a very long time. I shall be alone—a stranger in a strange land."

She made no reply; she lifted not even her eyes to his face; and he read the silent negative to his heart's earnest plea, and said no more.

It was the last time he should see her before his departure. He asked her to write sometimes—if only to acknowledge the receipt of his letters; and gave her his address. Bidding her adieu at the door that evening, he said:

"Anne, I dare to think that all this might have been otherwise, but for my awkwardness at first. Now I must wait."

She gave him her hand in silence; but he drew her to his breast, touching her brow slightly and reverently with his lips; and then, with a whispered blessing, an almost inaudible farewell, he was gone.

When August was at its close, he went away; and Anne, as she stood by her hearth alone, after he was gone, wondered drearily if she should ever see him again. The little cottage was a very desert now. She was nearly always alone. At intervals her brother came out to see her. He was not now the Edward Cameron of a year previous. Toil and care had set a stamp on his countenance; and he was only twenty-two.

He asked her not to blame him for coming so seldom; for his business demanded every moment he could give to it. He felt it a hard thing that he could not come oftener; and the weary, bitter tone in which he uttered the words, made the darkest of all the mourning of her heart.

He never spoke now of his sister's coming to see him—to see his wife; never mentioned the name of that wife to his sister; neither did Anne speak of her. For he knew, now, the dislike of Mrs. Cameron for his sister; she took no pains to conceal it from him. He knew, too, that sister was very well aware of it, and had been so much longer than he. He knew why Caroline Burton never could visit her, why his sister had refused to come to their house, or to receive assistance from him after his marriage; but the knowledge came too late; he could not repair the evil now; he could only plunge deeper and deeper into the toils and struggles of life, and try to forget it. But that was of no avail; it only came back with a double sting when he went to see his sister. Bitterly he looked on her gentle face, that had grown of late as quiet and grave as in the old days when he knew her first.

"Anne," he said to her, "is *this* the recompense I have given you for your years of toil, endurance, self denial for my sake? Was it for this, the best energies of your being were exhausted, and every thought, and hope, and prayer centered on my well-being? Do you remember the time when I used to talk about the wealth and honor I should attain to when I should reach manhood?—and promise it all to you for the goodness you had shown me? And I let the bloom of your lifetime wither in your toil and struggles for me, and here is the reward I give you!—to toil still for your daily bread; to wear out the rest of life, here, in poverty and loneliness, apart from me; a stranger to my home—the home for which I left you! I do not deserve a man's name! I have no right to a place among my fellows!" And he cast himself into a seat, with his face buried in his hands.

In vain the sister tried to cheer him, though her own voice trembled, and her eyes were blind with silent tears; for he was more unhappy than herself. In vain she told him he wished for no reward—her choice had been a voluntary one, and she was happy in his prosperity; he never ceased to reproach himself. And leaving her, he would go to such an unhappy home, that he wished a thousand times he had never seen it. That splendid home was hateful to him; for it had cost him his peace of mind. The fascinating woman, whom he had made his wife, cold-hearted, haughty and arrogant now that she had gained her own ends, cared little how he was wounded by her unfeeling pride, by her scornfully expressed resolutions to keep herself out of the way of intercourse with people who would only be incumbrances on her.

Day after day, now, the burden grew harder to bear; his wealth, given as he had sought it, became to him the curse of Midas. At length there was a convulsion in the commercial world, a crumbling of firm foundations—a fall; and among the ruins lay what was once Edward Cameron's wealth. He smiled; his wife was passionate—miserable; she would not exist in poverty; she would go home to her father's house.

But not so; for the house of Burton, Martin & Co. was a wreck; there was nothing left of the splendor that had dazzled so many. Her father could not give her the olden luxuries she had known. No, she must share her husband's poverty. With many angry tears, she reproached her husband with his loss—taunted, upbraided, instead of sympathizing with him.

* * * * *

Three years had passed from the time of Mr. Saville's departure. On Christmas night, Anne Cameron sat by her lonely hearth, thinking of divers things that had been in the past, and were in the present; of many changes that had taken place, within these eight past years, since Edward went that morning to seek a situation; within these five years past, since he had been in business for himself, since his marriage; thinking of his failure, which had happened so lately, and wondering whether, as he said, it was a stroke that would be better for him than prosperity; pitying his beautiful and delicate wife, and wishing, for her sake, this blow could have been less severe. And then she thought of other things; home came her heart, bearing blessed memories on its wings, and filled with blessings for a wanderer who came not to this lonely hearth now. She remembered Mr. Saville; wondering if he, too, sat alone this Christmas evening by his fireside in Scotland, thinking of the past. A letter of his lay open on her lap; a kind, pleasant, brotherly letter, that spoke to her as he used to speak. She had been reading it tonight; she prayed now for the writer, and the tears gathered, heavy and large, beneath her closed lids, as she sat with her head bowed upon her clasped hands. Many a one of those tears, slow and sorrowful, fell upon the paper, blistering its satin surface, and almost effacing the characters that Mr. Richard Saville's hand had traced; but she never knew it; she wept on, unconscious of everything but her desolation.

Within that pleasant yet lonely apartment the glowing fire cast its crimson flush upon the walls, and upon the bowed figure of Anne. Without, the night was clear and frosty, and the Christmas stars shone as they shone that other night, centuries ago, when they sang together a sweet song, heard on the plains of Bethlehem. And *their* light fell upon a single traveller, who drew his cloak about him, and hurried on past the many houses, whose cheerful windows beamed redly forth, all over the village. On he went, with a quicker pace; for there was another window in the distance, shining for him. Anne heard the knock at the door; and hastily dashing away her tears, that Edward might not see them, went to let him in.

Did they blind her vision still, that she could distinguish neither Edward's form nor Edward's features? But from the open doorway, the guest stepped into the broader light that streamed from the parlor fire.

"Anne!" he said. "Anne!"

The voice was subdued, and quivering with glad emotion. He gathered her to his breast, and kissed her, again and again, as that pale face lay close to his throbbing heart; and if she could not speak to her lover at first, it was not that she did not welcome his coming; for the long, long desert of life was past, finally, her weary feet pressed the green hills beyond; and very sweet to her was this Christmas greeting.

All the way from Scotland, after four years' absence, had Richard Saville come to spend that Christmas evening with Anne; and when, an hour later, Edward joined them, the party was a happy one indeed.

We will mention, *en passant*, a promise Mr. Saville won from Anne that evening—a promise he had wished to win, and have fulfilled, before his departure that time from home, but his failure in which he had rightly attributed to his asking the wrong question at first. Of this promise we will merely say, that, in winning it, he did not begin by asking Anne if she liked Scotland.

Mr. Saville and Edward rode into the city together that evening, and discussed at some length the affairs of the latter. Edward declared that, henceforth, wealth was to him as chaff. He had known, he said, only unhappiness since he possessed it, and a moderate competence was all he desired now.

Some three months after, Mrs. Caroline Cameron was thunderstruck to receive an invitation to the wedding of Anne and Mr. Saville; and although at first she declared that nothing could induce her to accept it, she reconsidered the matter, and presented herself on the occasion. She was received by Anne with sincere good will; by Mr. Saville, with such courtesy as succeeded in banishing, as it was intended to, the recollection of former events from her mind, for the time. She could not but be touched, hard and proud as she was, by the kindness and gentleness of Anne, whom she had despised, and whom she was now forced to acknowledge to herself, was infinitely her superior in every respect.

Edward was received, penniless as he was, into partnership with Mr. Saville, on the day of the marriage of the latter. He accepted this evidence of his brother's favor with the deepest gratitude, and a determination to do his best, thenceforth, to deserve and use with discretion the gifts he received. From that time, although he devoted to his business the proper share of attention, he turned his best efforts towards the acquisition of treasures of more importance than gold, finding himself a wiser, a better, and a far happier man for so doing. Confining himself to a moderate style of living, he had no occasion to fear reverses of fortune; and his wife, obliged to content herself with circumstances far different from those to which she had all her life been accustomed, became, in her new position, a sensible woman, and a sincere convert to certain liberal sentiments which once she despised.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FAREWELL TO FIFTY-FIVE.

BY J. MANLY.

Adieu to thee, adieu, Old Year!
We'll bid thee one farewell!
And as thou'rt borne upon thy bier,
We'll sing thy solemn knell.
Like many a one's, thy tale is brief;—
Thou wast here—but soon was gone;—
What hopes and fears,—what scenes of grief
Have been since thou wast born!

Young Fifty-Six, borne in the arms
Of Father Time, has come;
To the young and gay he's many charms,
For now he's in his bloom:
'Twill quick be gone, on rapid wing
Transporting to the grave
The high and low, the beggar, king,
Whom not e'en power can save.

'Twas but as yesterday since last
I heard the midnight bell,
That ushered in the new-born year,
And bade the old farewell.
And Fifty-Six will pass away
As though it were a dream;
We cannot make the moments stay—
They're like the fire-fly's gleam,
That's seen, and then is viewed no more;—
It seems much darker than before.

Year follows year with silent tread,
And during each one's stay,
Millions are added to the dead;—
We're moving all one way:
'Tis to the grave—the silent grave,
Where all at last must lie;
And to love Him who our lives gave,
Who sent his Son the world to save,
Who is the judge of good and brave,
O, ever let us try!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SHOT IN THE THROAT.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

MANY years ago, when Kentucky was one great wilderness, and the red man roamed freely over its rich lands, and hunted by the margins of its many rivers, Daniel Boone left his home in Maryland and plunged alone into the deep wilds of that region. Awhile he lived all alone in the forests; then his brother went with him, and together they explored the country as far as Cumberland River; then more men came, and finally the old pioneer had a noble band at his back. With bold and fearless steps, Daniel Boone cleared his way through the opposing hosts of red men, only once a prisoner, and then escaping as no other man could have escaped—travelling one hundred and sixty miles through the dense forest in four days, all alone, and eating only one meal during all that time! But at length the population became too thick for the adventurous pioneer; he could not live where he could smell the smoke of a neighbor's cabin; and when his hair was gray, he shouldered his faithful rifle and struck off for the deeper wilds and solitudes of the Missouri, where he lived alone among the great trees.

"We saw him," says an eminent traveller, "on those banks, with thin gray hair, a high forehead, a keen eye, a cheerful expression, a singularly bold conformation of countenance and breast, and a sharp, commanding voice. He appeared to us the same Daniel Boone, if we may use the expression, jerked, and dried to a high preservation, that we had figured as the wanderer in the woods, and the slayer of bears and Indians."

Early one spring, Daniel Boone, in company with five others, passed on near to where the town of Greensburg now stands, and there, finding a fertile spot upon the banks of the Green River, they determined to encamp for the season. They knew that the Indians were all about them, so their first work was to build a stout log cabin. They made it of elm logs, and left two loop-holes upon each side and end, which would not only serve to admit light in the daytime, but also for shooting purposes when besieged by the red men. When this was done, they prepared a small lot of land for corn, and having planted it, they turned their attention to the wild beasts, of which there were plenty in the neighborhood.

The youngest man in the party was Lyman Markham. He was only five-and-twenty, and this was his first season in the forest. He was a native of Virginia, of a good family, and naturally of a warm, adventurous spirit. His highest ambition, for several years, had been to follow the lead of Daniel Boone. Greg Lottel was also in the party. He had often been asked if his name was not *Gregory*, but he spurned the insinuation. His parents, he said, were not such fools as to give him so long a name. Greg was five-and-forty; a warm-hearted, impulsive, generous man; rough in his manners, and stout and powerful in frame. He had spent most of his life in the woods, and could feel at home nowhere else.

One day, the party were out after an old bear, which had been doing mischief about their cabin. They had been out after the same bear twice before, but the brute had managed to escape them. A dozen times had Lyman Markham said that he would give a good bear for just one shot at the fellow. This time, they came in sight of old Bruin not half a mile from the camp, and the foolish fellow knew no better than to climb up into a tree.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Lyman. "That bear's mine—mine to shoot."

So they all stood back, and Lyman crept up towards the tree. He waited until he could get a fair sight at the fellow's heart, and then he raised his heavy rifle. Of course, the lookers-on were sure that the game was just as good as dead. Presently, the youth fired, and as the sharp report rang out upon the air, the bear leaped down from the tree and fled into the woods. Poor Lyman stood like one petrified. But a cry of pursuit from Boone started him to his senses. The party passed on after the fugitive, and ere long, they came up to him again. This time Greg Lottel fired, and the bear dropped. They found that Lyman's ball had struck the fore shoulder and glanced off, lacking only one inch of the mortal point.

"Never mind," said Boone, laying his hand upon Lyman's shoulder, "I've made worse shots than that when I've been too sure."

"That's it," cried the youth. "If I hadn't been so sure I shouldn't have missed him."

"Pooh!" uttered Greg, lightly.

That was all he said, but it cut Lyman to the quick. Greg was an old hunter, and of such the youth wanted their praise. He didn't stop to think that the simple word might have been spoken in fun—he felt it as a slur upon his skill as a marksman. However, nothing further was said at the time.

The dead bear was carried to the camp, and after the skin had been taken off, and the best meat selected, the rest was given to the dogs. Three days after this, while Boone and one other of the party were out, Lyman Markham made allusion to his shot at the bear.

"'Twas too bad," he uttered. "If I hadn't been so mighty sure, I might have hit him right."

"Pooh, youngster," said Greg, with a smile, "you're only a beginner yet. But you'll come to it by-and by."

"Only a beginner!" echoed the hot-blooded youth. "By the crack of powder, I can shoot as well as you."

"Not quite. You never seed me miss a bar."

"Nor you never saw me miss before."

"'Cause I never seed yo shoot afore."

At this, the other two laughed heartily.

"By heavens, Greg Lottel, I can shoot as well as you!" the youth cried. The loud laugh had grated harshly upon his already discordant feelings, and he was growing angry.

But Greg only laughed boisterously at his assertion, and this added fuel to the flame already burning in Lyman's bosom.

"Greg Lottel," he cried, "you're a braggart!"

"Am I?" uttered the elder hunter, catching the spark in turn.

"You are just that, and if you know what's healthy you'll keep your tongue off from me."

"Eh, youngster—you're getting a bit riled; but you may be fetched to your trumps one of these days. What would ye do if a dozen Indians was yellin' about ye?"

"Just as I'd do if a dozen such fellows like you were doing the same thing."

"Eh?"

"Perhaps you'd like to try it," said Lyman.

"Look here, my boy," returned Greg, beginning to get about as full as he could hold, "if you're wise you'll keep that tongue of your'n a bit more quiet."

"Don't blow, Greg Lottel. You've insulted me when you had no cause, and I am not fond of it. If you are such a shot, I can give you a mark. Just step out to the river's bank and pace off your own distance, and I'm your man. We'll take shot for shot."

"You mean a kind of duel, eh?"

"Yes—just so."

"Well, boy—I shan't do it."

"Then you're a coward as well as a braggart!" uttered Lyman.

The youth had now become utterly mad. He believed that Greg was making sport of him, and trying to lower him in the estimation of the others. The very fact of his having missed the bear was galling, and this other matter was unbearable.

The old hunter started to his feet and seized his rifle. Those were words he could not bear.

"Come on!" he whispered. "You shall have your own way for once. Come on. Greg Lottel is not a coward, though he might wish to spare the life of an inexperienced boy. But come."

"Hallo! What's all this?" cried Boone, coming in at that moment. "What's to pay now?"

"Never mind," returned Greg, attempting to pass out.

"But hold. You're mad. What is it? Banks, what is this?"

The man thus appealed to, who was a veteran hunter, gave his leader a full account of the whole affair. Boone looked first upon Greg, and then upon Lyman, and finally he said:

"Now look here, boys—this is just nothin' but a piece of nonsense. But keep your tempers, for you'll have a chance to try 'em afore long. The redskin is close here. Mind that."

"Are the injuns here?" asked Greg, quickly.

"They be, close upon us," answered Boone. "I saw their tracks to-day, and you may be sure they'll show 'emselves afore long. So now put up your rifles, and let 'em rest till you want 'em for some better purpose."

Greg Lottel put his weapon up without a word, for he had been with the old pioneer too long to disobey him—not from fear was this feeling, but more from a deep, worshipful respect for his dauntless leader. But Lyman Markham gave not up so easily. He took another step towards the door, and grasped his rifle more firmly. Boone could read every thought of the youth, and for an instant his sharp eye flashed; but the spark went quickly out, and then, while a strange smile passed over his face, he said:

"Look'e, Lyman. I know how hot your blood is, but you'd better keep your heat for the hour when you'll need it; and just let me tell ye, if ye stay in the woods as long as I have, you'll find not much temper left to throw away. Now, put up your rifle. Put it up, I say."

Slowly and reluctantly the youth obeyed. His eyes were downcast, not because he had been thus spoken to by his leader, but because he began to feel ashamed of the part he had been acting.

"Now," resumed Boone, "let me make you a proposition. As sure as fate the redskins will come upon us. You shall each choose your own mark upon the red varmints, and we'll see who shoots the best. Mind, now—I shall be the judge."

This was deemed satisfactory, and the youth stepped towards Greg and extended his hand.

"All right," the old hunter exclaimed; and in a few moments more a visitor could not have told that anything unpleasant had happened.

Towards the middle of the forenoon, on the following day, Boone came to the cabin, and bade his men get ready their rifles and ammunition.

"Are the injuns comin'?" asked Greg.

"They are, sartin," responded Boone. "Just now I saw a fox cross the path close by the river, and he had an arrow in him. Then I put my ear to the ground, and I could hear the redskins' tramp as plain as sunlight."

Without further remark, the men got down their rifles and cleaned them where they needed cleaning. Boone had four rifles, Greg three, and the others two each. They were all carefully loaded; and then the ammunition was placed where it could be handy in case any of them got out, though that was not probable, as each man could carry nearly a hundred rounds. The heavy door of the lodge was closed and barred, and then they awaited the coming of the enemy.

"Now, boys, choose your marks," said the pioneer.

"I'll put every ball I send into the victim's *throat*," said Lyman, with a proudly flashing eye. "Every Indian I shoot shall be found with a ball in his throat, and so directed that it shall cut the spine of the neck. This day I'll prove my rifle good, or I'll never lay claim to marksmanship again."

"And you, Greg—where'll you take 'em?"

"Right in the temple—either the right or the left."

"Then the rest of us will pull for their hearts," resumed the leader.

Nearly an hour passed after this ere a sound was heard, and Boone said that the Indians were waiting till they supposed the whites would be at dinner. But they came, at length, and they came in a host. At first, only one or two were seen peeping out from the woods, but ere long, they all showed themselves, and there were certainly two hundred of them. They came up on all hands, completely surrounding the cabin, and yelling like so many raving fiends.

The cabin was about twenty feet square, the walls made of logs over a foot thick, and ten feet high. No bullet could penetrate here. The loop-holes were eight inches square, and about four and a half feet from the ground.

"Now, boys," uttered Boone, "let every shot count a dead man. The varmints think they have an easy job, but I've been in worse odds than this, and seen the scamps go off second best, too. Don't stand in front of the holes if you can help it. Now up with your mummies, and then at them."

These "mummies" were simply eight sticks stuck up, one at each loop-hole, with a firmly twisted ball of stripped hide upon the top of each. These balls were about the size of a man's head, and the hunters placed their hats and caps upon them, and as they came just even with the apertures, the Indians would naturally enough take them for men. They were so arranged that they could be put out of sight at will.

The first shot fired was by Lyman, and an Indian staggered and fell. In an instant more four more shots followed, and four Indians bit the dust. Not more than twenty of the men had fire-arms, and they at once commenced firing at the objects, which they supposed to be men, through the loop-holes. These fellows with rifles were first picked off, and then attention was turned to the others. But as those who had the fire-arms dropped, the weapons were seized by the live ones. The hunters took their aim obliquely through the loop-holes, and thus avoided all direct shots from without. A dozen savages rushed upon the door with their tomahawks, but the stout fabric was not in much danger; and besides, from the further loop-hole on that side, they could be picked off from about the door as fast as a rifle could be loaded and fired.

Lyman Markham seemed to know but one thing, and that was, that as fast as he could load his piece an Indian throat was pierced. Not a nerve in his body quivered, nor did a muscle relax. With a quick, intuitive wit, he avoided all shots from the enemy, and aimed his own weapon under cover of the mummy. Thrice had he changed rifles, as one became so hot he could not use it, and thrice had he simply stopped to wipe the streaming sweat from his brow.

"My salvation of soul!" uttered Boone, clapping his hand upon the youth's back, "how do you load your rifle?"

"By lever-power," returned Lyman, as with one powerful sweep he rammed home a ball. "Aren't they thinning?"

"Dreffully," answered the old pioneer, at the same instant clapping his rifle to his shoulder and shooting down an Indian, who had just raised his head to the nearest loop-hole.

Now six smart men, who are shooting a man at each fire, and loading and firing as fast as they can, will soon dispose of a hundred men. Suppose they load and fire, each man, twice a minute—which an experienced hunter can do with great ease, and follow it up—then we have twelve men falling each minute, and in fifteen minutes we should have one hundred and eighty. But allow that only half these shots kill, and even then we have a fatal work going on. Some people have hardly been prepared to give credence to the stories which have been told of the adventures of Daniel Boone and his companions; but, in sober truth, an eye-witness would not dare tell half the actual occurrences, so wondrous were they of physical prowess.

Banks received an arrow in his left shoulder, towards the middle of the action, but he took no other notice of it than to pull the arrow out.

Finally the savages moved off to consult, and then the hunters sat down to rest. They might have fired with deadly effect still, but they were fatigued. Boone counted those who thus met in council, and he could make but twenty-eight of them. Several times, during the engagement, the Indians had tried to procure something combustible with which to set the lodge on fire, but they had not succeeded.

"Let's at 'em once more," said Boone, at the end of some five minutes; and hardly had he spoken, when Lyman's rifle spoke its death-note.

The savages waited for five shots, and then, with an unearthly yell, they fled from the place. In half an hour more, the hunters went forth. It was a ghastly sight upon which they gazed, but they looked upon the corses of the redskins about the same as they would have looked upon so many dead bears or wolves. They were counted, and *one hundred and forty-one savages lay dead upon the greensward, and upon the corn-patch!* The engagement had lasted very near an hour; and the only supposition upon which the savages could have so long remained exposed to so murderous a fire was that they imagined there were a great number of men in the lodge, and every time those "mummies" were bent down out of sight, they supposed so many men were shot, and that the reappearing of the cheat was the coming of a fresh man.

With anxious, nervous movements, Lyman Markham helped turn over the corses, and as one after another came up with a shot in the throat, a quick sparkle of the eye told how warm were his feelings. Incredible as it may seem, there were *forty-two* of the red men with that fatal shot in the throat! while only twenty-nine were found with a shot in the temple.

"Lyman," spoke Greg Lottel, frankly and warmly, at the same time grasping the youth by the hand, "you are a better shot than I am. I speak it honestly and willingly."

"No, no, Greg; not *better*. Say I am as good. I ask no more."

But there was no quarrel over this. Boone simply made the remark that better shooting than Greg's would be useless, and that to excel Lyman would be impossible. And then they went to throwing the dead savages into the river, for they could not bury them.

In after years, Lyman Markham was Boone's oftenest companion; and the old pioneer, when his eye had grown dim, and his step weak, told no story of his long and adventurous life with more pride and pleasure than that of the young hunter's *shot in the throat!*

THE INFANT GIANT.

When steam first applied its infant shoulders to lift the kettle-cover before the eyes of Watt, how limited its expectant uses, even to the wildest hopes of that fortunate thinker! Now, behold the giant of the nineteenth century, how he is compelled to tug and strain the tireless sinews of his strength, in countless fields of usefulness and labor! See how bravely he bears us through the storm. Insensible to cold and careless of sleep, behold the snow that blockades our path fly before him in the dim starlight. With mouth full of fire, and nostrils expanded with smoke, hear him laugh defiantly at the solstitial rays, beneath which every laborer would melt. See him furrow the billowy brine for millions of miles, and interchange the growth of different zones. He spans the sea with bridges. He enters the factory, and seizing its central crank, he plies its complicated machinery with inconceivable velocity and power. He weaves our garments and carves our furniture. He multiplies our thoughts in books and newspapers, and impels them through the world. He bores his way through rock and mountain, and leaves an avenue for the flow of commerce. He grinds the grain of continents, and carries it to meet the necessities of man. He clenches the tough quartz, and crushing it in his iron fist, compels it to surrender the golden treasures it so tightly held. He lifts and excavates; he flames, and saws, and hammers, and yet with infinite and ethereal delicacy, he points the finest needle, and draws the metallic thread. No labor is too undignified for him to perform—no task too heavy for him to accomplish. He delights in noise, and dirt, and soot, and smoke. He is not afraid of his dainty fingers. Wherever work is to be done, there is his home. Whenever a difficult job is placed before him, his iron muscles fairly thrill with joy. See how, in the few years of his wonderful activity, whole forests have gone down his throat, leaves, and boughs, and mighty trunks. And who shall say this laborious Titan has yet got himself fully in harness? What we have seen him do, is mere preparatory service—the first trial of his boyish strength, before commencing the serious business of his life.—*Chr. Freeman.*

DEATH OF A MISER.

A German named John Herryman, of this place, died lately, leaving a fortune estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. He was one of the lowest class of misers, equal to the most loathsome ever painted by Dickens. For the last sixteen years he has constantly worn the same blue, linsey-woolsey wamus and pantaloons, carefully run or darned all over with strong thread so as to prevent the possibility of wearing out, except on important occasions, such as land sales or something of that nature, when they gave place to a suit of black velvet that he boasted had served him faithfully for forty years. He contracted the disease of which he died by walking over the bad roads during the most inclement weather of the season, all the way to Putnam and Henry counties, to pay his taxes on the land he owned there, without sufficient clothing to protect him from the cold. In fact, we are informed that he scarcely ever wore a shirt or under garment, and that the one he had on when he died had not been changed for over three months. Although rich, he had been known to chaffer with the smiths over the price of a horse shoe which he had picked up in the street. So far as is known, he leaves no heir. He always resented any questions as to the place of his birth, relatives, or early history.—*Sandusky Vindicator.*

A DRUNKARD'S BRAINS.

Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted from its hardness and more complete preservation for the purposes of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard. But the inebriate anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues still throb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the godlike! Terrible enchantment that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!—*Medical Journal.*

* * *

That was a beautiful expression of Clarke's, as quoted by Sydney Smith: "The frost is God's plough, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverizing the whole."

Jester's Picnic.

Joe and Hal were at an evening party, and walked together to a window opening to a balcony.

"Miss Smitherings is very beautiful, is she not?" remarked Hal, in commenting on the company, but without taking the precaution to look out on the balcony.

"Very handsome; but has she any brains?" asked Joe.

"*Nary brain!*" sighed Hal, as if he deeply regretted the deficiency.

A scream and a fall outside on the balcony—Miss Smitherings had heard and fainted. None of the company except Hal and Joe ever knew why.

* * *

A friend of ours who was in New York recently, went into a fashionable restaurant for refreshments. While seated there a feller and his "gal" also entered, and seated themselves near him. Each studied the bill of fare attentively. The young man having called for a beefsteak, asked his "lady love" what she would order. After hesitating a moment, she said she would have a woodcock. "Woodcock!" exclaimed the fellow, nervously fingering his slim purse. "Woodcock! thunder! they are as big as turkeys—'twould kill you to eat one of 'em." The "gal" was content with a mutton-chop."

* * *

"I wonder what has become of the snuffers!" said Mrs. Johnson; "I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find them, high or low." Nobody could give any information. After a while the hired Dutchman, getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots, preparatory to going to bed. "All dis day," said he, "I tink I got some little grabble stones in my poot. I kess I kit 'em out now." He turned up his boot and poured out the snuffers.

* * *

Doctor Kitchener, of London musical notoriety, held frequent evening *conversaziones*, and, with a view to decorum, placed a small placard over the parlor chimney piece, inscribed:

"Come at seven, go at eleven!"

But George Colman, to whom such early hours were an abomination, one evening took occasion, by inserting a small pronoun, to materially alter the reading:

"Come at seven, *go it* at eleven!"

* * *

"Willie," said a doting parent at the breakfast-table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the high school. "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?"

"Thirtainly, thir—it takthes me to parthe anything. Butter ith a common subthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat caketh, and is governed by thugar houth malatheths underthood."

* * *

"Sit down, down," said a judge to an impertinent limb of the law, "I cannot entertain your ridiculous proposition." "But my necessity—" "Yes, yes, your necessity—I understand—I admit your necessity; I admit you are a necessity yourself, or at least the next thing to it, for "necessity knows no law."

* * *

A gentleman, says Punch, was asked, "what was the price of ducks?" when he confessed that he could not tell. He had been out that very day with his wife, and she had purchased no fewer than three ducks. Firstly, there was "a duck" of a dress; secondly, "a duck" of a parasol; and thirdly, "a duck" of a bonnet.

* * *

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "O," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

* * *

It is said, by some Yankee of course, to be an excellent plan always to measure a man's length before you kick him, for it is better to bear an insult than to make an unsuccessful attempt at thrashing a fellow and get your eye-teeth knocked out.

* * *

"You say, Mrs. Jones, that the prisoner stabbed the deceased. Was it in the thorax or the abdomen?" "Neither, yer worship—in a street fight. I seed it with my own blessed eyes." "That will do; stand aside, and make room for the next witness."

* * *

"Reply, sir," said a judge to a blunt old Quaker who was on the stand. "Do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year!"

* * *

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she heard that when anybody was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him.

* * *

"Sambo, you's larn'd in the law; can you say, if the ebil one was to lose him tail, whar would he go to find anoder one?" "Why, to de grocery, ob course—dat's de only place I knows on whar dey re-tail bad spirits."

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